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TO ONE OF MY CRITICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

If I have shepherded a flock
Of schoolboys upon pastures bare,
Dishonoring the homespun frock
And sweet-brier wreath I used to wear—

Oh, poets, whom the heavens anoint
And bless, for 'tis no mortal art
That catches on a syllable's point,
And trembling holds the world's great heart—

Oh, poets, whose melodious psalms
Have made what joy my life has had,
The treacherous shadows of your palms
Have touched me, and my brain is mad

Forgive me then, the poor add
Of all my simple, mimic lays,
As down th' immortal ages you
Descend, and I my transient days.

Your hands within the grave are strong
To unrend your ever-brightening fame,
While he who busily seeks your wrong,
Bargains to bear a brand of shame.

Bright stream, whereby my unburned feet
Strayed often in my childish springs,
Listening to hymns as clear and sweet
As Nile to ancient Egypt sings,

Forgive, if I could hear in vain—
Could see your mirth with rainbows red,
Yet strive to fill my empty brain
With alien splendors in their stead.

Wood! and, that hung your green head low
And made my questions soft replies,
How saw I all your honors grow
From your own heart with untaught eyes?

Could my poor hands, audacious deem
From forehead crowned the wreaths away,
Even while our homestead door I saw
Smothered with blossoms bright as they?

To fields that were my early books,
Could I so oft your furrows drop
With corn that sprang to tasseled stalks,
Nor once to learn the lesson stop;

That what we sow, of grain or deed,
We reap, despite of our desires
To raise up bread from thistle seed,
Or gather grapes from cudding briers.

Oh, awful opportunities!
Blighted in river, wood and hill;
What were ye but the golden keys
Of fame's great birth-door, dumb and still?

"Sparta has worthier sons than I"—
That humble boast I too can make;
Ohio's glory shall not lie
Unwritten, for a recreant's sake.

For though my praises, poor at best,
The coming shadow should conceal,
Lips with diviner cunning blest
Shall sing what I could only feel.

Not vainly shall her rivers flow—
Her woods with leaves their branches trim,
Some great soul thence shall catch, I know,
The key note of a wondrous hymn.

Pictures of Life.

EIGHT DAYS OF ROYALTY;

OR,

THE TRUE HISTORY OF MASANIELLO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XII.

AN ANGEL.

She was guarded by the company of Death, who received its lieutenant and king with great acclamations.

Massive doors opened and shut behind Chatillon and his guides. Then they entered the chamber occupied by Marie d'Arcos and her mother. The fisherman became more gloomy and Luzzaro gay. Chatillon's heart beat almost convulsively.

But his fright gave way to joy, when the leader uttered these words:

"Signora, here is your keeper; henceforth he will answer to me for you." Then he retired with the painter, saying, "We shall see each other soon again, Marquis," and a woman immediately brought their robes to the viceroy's wife and daughter.

If Chatillon felt as if he had escaped from the infernals, Marie d'Arcos felt as if she was entering heaven. Seated near her mother, hiding her head in her bosom, overwhelmed with shame and grief in her coarse dress, she had no longer even strength to weep, when the entrance of the marquis seemed to bring her back from death to life.

"Oh! my God, am I dreaming?" she cried wildly, and she ran and seized Chatillon's hands, to assure herself that it was really he.

"It is me, your defender—your betrothed. Is it not so, Duchess!" said the gentleman, looking from the daughter to the mother.

"Yes, her betrothed, for you will be our saviour; and the Duc of Arcos will no longer refuse you!" replied the vicereine, folding them together in her arms.

Thus in one moment Chatillon obtained what he had vainly sought for six months.

The next hour was passed in the mutual relation of all that had occurred to them—the ladies giving the details of their voyage and return; the marquis, with more reserve, describing the events of the last few days, and the manner in which the fisherman had anticipated him, on their return, in order to revenge his wife upon them.

"But his vengeance satisfied," he added, "you need no longer fear him, since he resigns you to me!"

"And then," added the viceroy's daughter, "you will triumph over this factionist, with my father, and from his throne restored by you, he will bless our marriage."

Chatillon adroitly turned the conversation from this delicate ground, and spoke of an *avenger*, called by him, about to arrive and overcome the Neapolitans.

"Oh! that he may come!" cried the young girl; "and we will owe our happiness to him, and my gratitude shall be divided between him and you."

Then, recollecting that she still wore her coarse dress, she blushed deeply, disappeared quickly into the next room, and reappeared in her superb toilette, noble and radiant before her betrothed.

Chatillon, dazzled, fell at her feet, and was still gazing passionately upon her, when the door opened, and Masaniello, with flaming eyes, appeared, followed by Luzzaro, sword in hand.

Belshazzar, in the midst of his feast, was not more terrified by the hand upon the wall, than was Chatillon at sight of the fisherman.

"Charming tableau!" exclaimed the latter, with a horrible laugh; what a pity to throw a shade over it!" Then turning towards the young girl, frozen with terror: "Signora, this man is a traitor, towards you, and towards me! Towards you, read that! (and he handed Marie a letter from Chatillon to Henri Guise, in which he plotted the ruin of the Duc of Arcos;) towards me, read this!" and he displayed to Chatillon another letter, in which he prepared Masaniello's defeat.

Two *rats* intercepted and delivered over by the *taglia-topi*.

"Miserable Basilio!" cried Chatillon.

The young girl and the duchess remained silent; but Chatillon rose proudly, as he saw himself observed by Marie's eager eyes.

"Now, betroth yourselves at your leisure," pursued the dictator; "you are prisoners together, and here is your jailor," pointing to Luzzaro. "Seigneur Chatillon," he added, "I promised to install you with Marie d'Arcos at the fort of San Lorenzo. You see I keep my word better, and that I understand surprises better than you do. You drank to the extermination of traitors! You guaranteed the freedom of Naples, upon your head. It is therefore between us, as I said, a struggle of life and death! Francis First and Charles Fifth! or rather, the degraded nobleman and the avenging lazzaroni!"

And he was going out, believing his retaliation complete, when an unexpected sentiment, and greater than all he had himself shown, the faith of the Spanish girl, humbled him by these words:

"Stop, and let me answer you, since the marquis disdains to do it; and know, Neapolitan rebel, that I trample your accusation beneath my feet! This letter is false, or will be explained to your shame! (And she tore it with noble indignation.) A Chatillon may have meditated your ruin, and he only did his duty; but my betrothed has not betrayed my father! I believe in his loyalty as I do in your perfidy! and I thank you for making me share his fate!" she ended, throwing herself into Chatillon's arms.

More humiliated by such devotion than by the fisherman's revelations, Chatillon fell at her feet and hid his face in his hands; and Masaniello drew back, silent and confounded, like a demon fascinated by an angel.

"Noble heart!" whispered his own to him, "aroused in her love, *the Puzzolienne would do as much!*"

And, disarmed by this reflection, renouncing the design of crushing this sublime soul, he retreated with a rude respect, merely saying to the marquis, "*Au revoir!*" and dragged Luzzaro with him, whom he simply ordered to be watchful.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MEANS OF DELIVERANCE.

"Ah! I silenced him! I was sure he spoke falsely!" cried the young girl, raising Chatillon from his knees.

"You are more than woman, and you are worthy of adoration; it is not I who save you, it is you who save me!" stammered the agitated marquis. "Oh! give me the opportunity to deserve what you have just done!"

The lover spoke sincerely then, for ambition was forgotten. At the moment the cousin of the Guise would have died for the Duc d'Arcos. But this enthusiasm was not destined to last long, and it was Marie herself who put an end to it.

"The opportunity," she cried resolutely, "here it is! learn a secret which I swore to keep, but which I offer to you in vengeance for the calumny against you. The galley which was carrying us to Spain met the Castilian banner upon the coast of Sardinia. Don Juan of Austria, the son of Philippe IV., the grand-prior, came up with Carlo Doria, at the head of forty-eight vessels and six thousand men. I transmitted to him what you had written to me concerning the condition of Naples and of the viceroy. He is now with his fleet at the south of the Island of Ischia; he will come into the gulf, before these walls, at the first signal;—and it is you who will give it to him in my father's stead, for the Duc is still ignorant of this great news. To inform Don Juan, we only need a sure friend and a swift bark. You can find them, am sure, even in this citadelle."

A thunderbolt would not have been more crushing for Chatillon. His own work ruined him by falling upon him. Don Juan warned! forty-eight vessels! six thousand men! at the south of Ischia! Just at Guise's rendezvous! These words stunned him like a tocsin. Thus, by wanting to bring a young girl back to Naples, he had called there all the Spanish forces; while thinking that he was opening the road to the throne for his cousin, he had drawn him into the midst of a hostile fleet!

And the conspirator, forgetting everything else, saw nothing but Guise and his duchess, and both his cousin's and his own fortune annihilated by a thousand cannon balls, if he could not get to him in time to forewarn him and save him!

"Well," resumed Marie, surprised at his stupefaction, "do you find the enterprise beyond your courage?"

"Beyond *my* courage!" exclaimed Chatillon with energy. "The smallest boat at the foot of this tower, and I would throw myself into it from this window!"

And so saying he opened the window and looked down at the sea—as if he was ally thinking of throwing himself down.

"Ah! you are yourself again," said the lady delighted, applying this impatience to her suggestion.

"But how scale these walls? Wings can I find a bark and a pilot?"

For two hours they racked their brains and implored an inspiration from heave, one thinking only of Guise, the other only of Don Juan, when, at last, at night-fall, a song was heard upon the gulf, and a javelin fell in at the window with a letter and a silk ladder.

"God hears us!" exclaimed Marie, while the Marquis read these words:

"To Rene de Chatillon

"A prisoner like you, I know that Basilio has betrayed us. I send you a felucca and three brave men. Go with them in all haste and deliver us all as I deliver you. LUIGGI DE FERRO."

The reader will recognise the name of the man who put up Louis Fourteenth's image. At sight of the name of one of his most faithful agents, the Marquis's confidence returned to him immediately.

"You are sure of this Luiggi?" asked the young girl, whose tenderness now resumed its empire.

"As sure as of myself. Adieu, Marie," said Chatillon, fastening the end of the ladder.

"Then you are going! You are going to inform Don Juan and save my father?"

"I am going to save you! What are all the rest to me?" said the nobleman, as he kissed her hand, and then let himself down into the abyss.

"To the south of Capral!" again cried the lady.

"To the south of Capral!" repeated the gentleman.

Then the captive girl knelt at the open window; and a flood of tears and fervent prayers soothed her agitation.

Soon the song again sounded in the gulf, announcing that the felucca was moving away with Chatillon.

It was time! Five minutes afterward Luzzaro came for the Marquis to incarcerate him in the dungeon of the fort, Masaniello having reflected and ordered this prudent measure.

When he learned that it was now too late, he became furious, and was about to put his prisoners to the torture. But a messenger from Castel-Nuovo arrived, bringing him a despatch from the viceroy, with a letter from the Puzzolienne.

The despatch was an offer of negotiations founded upon the *privilege of Charles Fifth* and the exchange of prisoners.

The letter, which the fisherman kissed as a messenger from on high, wrought a revolution in his distracted soul.

"If you love me still, dear Mas, listen to me as to your guardian angel. You see where I have fallen, because you closed your ears to me. Open your heart now, and let me save us both. You must send Marie d'Arcos back to her father, if you would spare your life the remorse of the greatest of crimes. As for myself, I would rather submit to the worst of misfortunes, that of never embracing you again, than to see her suffer whose least tear should be more to us than all our blood. I will tell you this lamentable secret when I see you. It came near destroying me with shame and grief. It would, if you knew it now, break your heart and destroy your reason. I write to you of myself and freely. You alone must hear this cry from my love to your honor! Oh, dear Mas! in the name of your fathers and mine, by the first smile of our expected child, for our happiness in this world and our safety in the other, deliver at any price, even at that of your own security, deliver Marie d'Arcos!"

"MARIE ANIELLO."

The fisherman read these lines three times, and, sending away everybody, remained absorbed in a sort of stupor.

In vain his confused mind endeavored to solve the mystery—the explanation of which can be given in a few words.

That morning being introduced, in order to be interrogated, into the Duc of Arcos's cabinet, the Puzzolienne almost fainted with surprise, horror and confusion, at the sight of a portrait suspended in the room. In this portrait of the viceroy's daughter, in the person of Marie d'Arcos, in Masaniello's captive and victim, in the noble lady, dragged upon a cart in the dress of a fishwoman, she recognised the beautiful unknown of the Carmel, the pilgrim with the boquet of roses, the friend who opened her heart to her before God, the Virgin whom she had taken for the Madonna, and who, after asking her:

"What would you ask?" had given her her diamond ear-rings to buy back the house and field of Amalfi!

Thus, she who had assured to the Aniellos, without knowing them, bread and, the joy of their existence, received from the Aniellos, without being known to them, ruin, torture and ignominy! This is what is gained at the game of revolutions!

Not even suspecting the fatal sense of the Puzzolienne's letter, Masaniello nevertheless answered her sacred appeal with religious ardor. Subdued by the mysterious sign of a woman, this terrible lion became calm as by enchantment. He, who was about to put Marie d'Arcos and her mother to the torture, now surrounded them with care and honors, as if they were in their own palace; and suspending, in the city, all violence and disorder, called his counsellor, Giulio Genovino, and sent him to negotiate peace, and the exchange of the prisoners with the Duc.

This was what the skillful legislator waited for, in order to finish his own affairs—we say *to finish*—for, upon the viceroy's reply to his overtures, he had betrayed Chatillon in preference to Masaniello.

The letter from Luiggi was a forgery, executed by Genovino and the rat-killer; by the first, to offer a pledge of alliance to the viceroy; by the second, to get rid of a friend whom he had sold, and one word from whom would have crushed him.

Hidden behind a secret door, Basilio had heard Chatillon's conversation with Marie; and the ladder and the felucca, and the brave men sent by the spy, to help the Marquis to save the Duc de Guise, were only to unite the two cousins at Capral, in order to deliver them together to Don Juan, apprised of this decisive chef-d'œuvre.

And the privilege of Charles Fifth, the political basis of the negotiations! This was another piece of jugglery, whose springs we are going to expose.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHARLES FIFTH'S PRIVILEGE.

"It was," says the Duc de Rivas, "the adroit and persevering Giulio Genovino who first reawakened the recollection of this famous document, representing it to the viceroy as the end of all revolts, and to the people as the remedy for all their troubles."

In reality, the *privilege* was only a lure offered by the servant to the two parties; to the insurgents, to remove them from Masaniello's influence, and to the Duc of Arcos, in order to obtain thereby the Presidency of Sumaria—the price of the treason, agreed upon beforehand between Genovino and the viceroy, through the medium of the *taglia-topi*.

As a proof of this, the privilege existed only in the popular imagination. Charles Fifth, it is true—as we have said—had abolished at Naples the taxes upon provisions. But if it had resulted in an official charter, if the populace had entertained a traditional conviction of it, no one had seen or could show this precious charter. According to some, it had never been written; according to others, the tallage farmers had made way with it, or the viceroys and nobles had hidden it, or the Spaniards had burned it, or the King of Spain had placed it among the archives at Madrid.

Whichever it was, Genovino concerned himself very little about it. When he presented himself before the viceroy, as ambassador from the fisherman, to negotiate peace upon the basis of the privilege and by the exchange of the Puzzolienne for Marie d'Arcos, the two confederates were soon agreed as to their plan of operation.

Disarm Masaniello by restoring him his wife; wheedle the people by fabricating a charter for them; crown all by a grand ceremony, a brilliant procession, and an oath at the cathedral. What could be easier, upon paper, for two finished politicians?

"Adroit scribes," says Rivas, "passed the night writing upon parchment a confirmation of the privilege, in fine gold letters, with ornaments, signatures, and all the required formulas and signatures."

Then, the Duc de Maddaloni, on horseback, carried the bait to the market-place, but instead of biting at it, the populace, excited by Basilio, cried treason, and demanded the old and true charter given by the Emperor. Masaniello himself, forgetting his moderation of the day before, unhorsed the Duc, his enemy, imprisoned him, and would have put him to death, if Genovino had not effected his escape. Then, while asking for the *good* privilege, and in order to show his pacific intentions, the fisherman sent some of the delicate fruits of the season to the Duc of Arcos and his family.

The next day the viceroy took his retaliation. A report was spread by the doctor, Genovino, that some monks had found the famous charter. There it was, in effect, brought out by the Cardinal-Archbishop, (whether he was duped or feigned to be in order to hasten peace, we know not.) He repaired to the Carmel with it, preceded by Masaniello, sword in hand, and escorted by an immense and attentive crowd. Erect, at the entrance of the choir, the prelate read the document in a sonorous voice. He displayed the parchment, the faded letters, all the proofs of its age. A few cries of protestation were raised, but the fisherman silenced them, and then the Cardinal called for an arbiter chosen by the people. Genovino was there—everybody pointed to him, (he had expected it;) and gravely taking the charter, he went to the end of the church to examine it. At the end of an hour, employed by the Archbishop in preaching peace, the oracle of Naples returned with the symbol of peace or of war. In the midst of the most profound silence, he declared that it was the true privilege given by Charles Fifth. He learnedly explained the signs by which he recognized it; he cunningly submitted them to the most intelligent among the audience. In short, the parchment was saluted by all as authentic, and accepted as the basis of the capitulation—which Masaniello, Genovino, the Cardinal, and some others immediately went to draw up in the sacristy. The sitting lasted far into the night, and each article was argued by the fisherman and the Archbishop, with calm determination. At last, the treaty was finished by daybreak, and the Prelate's brother, with a clerk, Palumbo's nephew, carried it to the viceroy for his signature.

The Puzzolienne's liberty, that of Marie d'Arcos and her mother, the re-establishment of the privilege of Charles Fifth, that is to say, the abolition of all the taxes—complete amnesty and without other conditions than disarmament, such were the principal clauses of the capitulation.

The Duc of Arcos received the people's emissaries with great honor, and introduced them to his government council. There, Fatturoso, the clerk, discovered every body by his pompousness and his activity. Like Cæsar, he dictated the copy of the charter to four secretaries, and discussed it, article by article, with the Duc. At each objection made by the council, he cried—

"Such is Masaniello's will!"

And the viceroy, coming up to the point, replied—

"Very well! let Signor Masaniello's will be fulfilled!"

Thus every difficulty disappeared. The Duc of Arcos signed the treaty, and appointed a rendezvous with the fisherman, for the next day, in the church of the Carmel, to receive his daughter, restore Masaniello's wife, and to sanction, by oath the pacification of Naples.

Such was the miracle accomplished by one word from the Puzzolienne. Accomplished? Not yet! A spark was about to rekindle the volcano.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TWO MARIES AGAIN.

At last the preparations were finished, and the promulgation so impatiently expected, was about to be made. The Cardinal presided at the ceremony beneath a dais raised before the grand altar. The leaders and the elect of the people stood at the two sides. The number of the multitude was immense. They only waited for the fisherman and the viceroy, who were approaching, each at the head of his cortege, to begin the ceremony.

The former having left San Lorenzo, on a white horse, with Marie d'Arcos at his left hand on a black horse, was now seen advancing, amid the shouts and acclamations of the crowd. For the first time, he had put off his lazzaroni rags; but nothing less than a threat of excommunication, by the archbishop, had been able to induce him to put on a magnificent costume of silver cloth, decorated, of course, with the Cross of Carmel. As he dressed himself upon the market-place, before everybody, they were all struck, says Rivas, at the state of emaciation which his apparent strength had concealed, and to which the almost absolute deprivation of food, sleep, and moral repose for five days, had reduced him. This model of manly energy, says Giraffi, could scarcely move without help, so extreme was his exhaustion! Genovino followed the cavalcade in a chair. The streets were strewed with flowers, the houses decorated with rich hangings; the bells were ringing their loudest peals. A trumpeter preceded the popular king, crying, from street to street:—"Long live King Philippe IV., and the illustrious Masaniello! Glory to Charles Fifth, and the most faithful people!"

Marie d'Arcos, set at liberty so suddenly, and without knowing by whom or why, felt as if she was dreaming in the midst of this city in flames yesterday, in festive garb to-day, and she recalled the very different pilgrimage she had once before made to that same church of the Carmel, with no other companion or confidant than the humble and tender-hearted peasant, to whom she had given her ear-rings to repurchase the poor shelter of her happiness!

"Doubtless," thought the viceroy's daughter, "the Madonna rewards me to-day for that good action, by restoring me to my father—before giving me to my betrothed!"

And her noble heart went out in fervent prayers for the Duc of Arcos, for the Marquis of Chatillon, and even for the fisherman, whose unexpected mildness made her forget her sufferings.

"Poor deluded man!" she thought, observing him compassionately: "his repentance makes him wish to efface my ignominy by my triumph!"

And Masaniello, in fact, docile to his wife's sacred orders, rendered to Marie d'Arcos the homage he received from the populace, and he could not meet without tears his beautiful victim's pitying eye.

The ferocious Luzzaro, of the Company of Death, alone resisted the general excitement, and, suspecting the fisherman, as well as the oracle, of treachery, watched with a sombre and ferocious air for the return of war in the midst of all this peace.

Too soon were his expectations to be realized!

The Duc d'Arcos, quitting Castel-Nuovo, with the Puzzolienne in full dress, in his carriage, (the people had demanded this signal satisfaction,) advanced on his side at the head of the nobility and of the elite of his guards. When he reached the square of the Carmel, at about a hundred feet from Masaniello, one of his captains rode up, unarmed, to the fisherman, and expressed to him, in the viceroy's name, the pleasure he anticipated from their meeting. Agitated as he was at being so near his wife, restored to him after so much anguish, Masaniello nevertheless received the message with gravity, and even with hauteur. He replied in a few words, but sensibly and aptly. A few days of supreme power are sometimes sufficient to elevate the most humble character, and to give an air of grandeur to the least polished man. We should add that uncultivated geniuses, like that of the Neapolitan, never shine more brightly than when about to be extinguished.

Masaniello stopped, and making a sign to the populace to listen, in an instant the immense crowd which covered the square became silent and motionless, as if by enchantment. The fisherman then stood up upon his horse, and in a loud, animated voice, pronounced this discourse:—

"Beloved people, render thanks to God! Raise to him eternal and joyous cries of gratitude for the ancient freedom regained! Who among you would have believed such a thing? It seems like a dream, a fable; and yet you see that it is a reality! and, (kissing the cross which hung from his neck) especially let us return infinite thanks to the most blessed Virgin of Carmel, our mother, and also to his Excellency the Lord Cardinal, our pastor? Come, beloved people, who are our rulers? Answer with me, God and our Lady of Carmel!"

And the multitude repeated with one voice:—"God and our Lady of Carmel!"

"Then King Philippe of Spain!" added the dictator; "then Cardinal Filomarino; and lastly the Duc of Arcos, who comes to break our yoke!"

And the people repeated, like a faithful echo, the names pronounced by their idol and chief.

Masaniello resumed his saddle, and made a pause. He drew from his coat the privileges of King Ferdinand and the Emperor Charles Fifth, then the sanctions signed by the viceroy and the council; and, again rising, and elevating his voice once more:—

"We are now," he continued, "relieved of the burthen which crushed us. All the taxes are abolished! You have regained the franchises granted by King Ferdinand, of happy memory, and by the great Emperor Charles Fifth. As for me, I want nothing; I have no ambition but for your happiness! His Excellency, the Archbishop, well knows the integrity of my intentions, for I have sworn it to him a thousand times! He also knows my disinterestedness; for, from the very beginning of our first revolt, his Eminence, in his strong desire to maintain peace, has nobly offered me two hundred crowns a month, from his own purse, during my whole life, if I would renounce, and make you renounce, your pretensions, but I have constantly refused this offer, though thanking our pastor from the bottom of my soul. If his Eminence had not, an hour ago, represented to me the imperious laws of etiquette; if he had not frightened me by the terrible menace of excommunication, I should certainly never have put on the dress which I reluctantly wear; I would never have abandoned my breeches and my fisherman's cap. For, understand me well, as I was born, so I have lived, so I intend to live and to die! After the fishing for our franchises, in the stormy sea of this unhappy city, I shall return among you to my former fishing, and sell my fish, without having enriched myself a pin's worth!"

These sublime words breathed such an admirable conviction, that the people melted into tears, and the Duc d'Arcos, and his suite, with the Duchess and her daughter, could not conceal their emotion.

Genovino alone smiled behind his white beard, whilst Luzzaro bit his black moustache.

"I have, however," concluded Masaniello, "one favor to ask of you, faithful people, one only favor, which I beseech you to promise me."

"Speak! speak!" cried the multitude, with one voice.

And the silence became so great upon the immense square, that the waves washing the beach could be distinctly heard.

"It is," said Masaniello, solemnly, "it is to remember poor Masaniello in your prayers, and to each recite an *Ave Maria* for my soul, when I shall be no more, and to bury me with the Cross of the Carmel, the insignia of my glory, and the pledge of my salvation! This is all the reward I ask! This is the will of your five days' king! Do you swear to fulfill it, O beloved people?"

"Yes! yes! we swear it!" replied through a sob the immense voice of the multitude.

"We will pray for your life, and not over your death, every morning and evening for a hundred years!"

"Thank you, beloved people," said Masaniello, dropping into his saddle, and entering the church amid the noise of bells and acclamations.

It was in a reserved space, in the middle of the nave of the temple, at the feet of the Madonna of Carmel, that the dictator and the viceroy were to exchange their prisoners.

Masaniello had already dismounted, and was standing with the Duchess and Marie d'Arcos, when the Duc in his turn arrived, giving his hand to the Puzzolienne.

How shall we describe the dramatic effect of this scene?

Recall the first chapter of this history. We are in the same church, at the foot of the same statue of the Madonna, where the two Maries met, carrying their offerings to the Mother of God. But how much had occurred since then, and how different the two interviews! The first time, the two pilgrims were alone at night-fall, in the deserted, dark, and silent nave. One prayed for her lover, with a rose in her hand; the other for her husband, with fruits in her apron. Both were overwhelmed with grief, and oppressed with anxiety; and the rich stranger and the humble fisherwoman confided to each other, at the feet of their patron saint, their mysterious projects, and their religious compact. They separated without inquiring each other's name before men, content to know that they were both called Marie before God,—Marie d'Arcos receiving from Marie Aniello hope for the future, with a prayer from the heart; Marie Aniello receiving from Marie d'Arcos the joy of her whole life with the price of her house at Amalfi.

Now, they meet again, but as equals, the fisherwoman rather above the duke's daughter, both in royal robes, at mid-day, in presence of the whole city, in holiday garb, in the church filled with incense and sacred music, amid the noise of bells, of shouts, and of arms, beneath the eyes of all who are most distinguished in the government, the nobility, the clergy, and the people. They are the double pledge of the pacification of a kingdom, and of the repose of five millions of men. One of them sees, in a silvered costume, adorned with the cross of the Carmel, with Naples at his feet, the husband for whom she had implored bread and a peaceful life; she is triumphantly restored to him by the viceroy, who could have crushed them by a gesture. The other sees her royal father, fallen, like herself to the second rank, before those to whom she compassionately gave her jewels. What happiness, however, and what glory for both, if the first had nothing to fear from the second, and the second nothing wherewith to reproach the first! But she who received from the other, for a simple prayer, joy, safety, and existence, rewarded her, without knowing it, with martyrdom, shame, and almost death!

And she had only recognized her benefactress in recognizing her husband's victim! And this benefactress was about to recognize her in her turn, in her tormentor's wife! And this in presence of Masaniello, of the Duc d'Arcos, of the Archbishop, of all the leaders of the whole population of Naples!

Judge now of the Puzzolienne's pallor, her shame, her fright, as she advanced upon the Duc d'Arcos' arm towards Marie d'Arcos upon Masaniello's arm!

Imagine the shock, the terror, the horror, with which Marie d'Arcos saw in the woman to be exchanged for her, the pilgrim whose image held so tender a place in her heart; and in this woman's husband, in the man to whom she had restored happiness and the roof of his ancestors, the rebel who had carried fire and massacre through Naples, the enemy who had destroyed her father's crown, and almost his life, the tormentor who had dragged her and her mother upon a miserable cart from street to street, the jailor who had tortured, slandered, and trampled upon her lover, whose head her love and faith alone had snatched from this tiger's grasp!

Above all, imagine, if possible, the thunderbolt which struck Masaniello's soul and body, all his faculties and feelings at once, when, amid the exclamations uttered by his wife and by Marie d'Arcos, by their agitation and the emotion of all around them, the unhappy man at last recalled the adventure in the church, the unknown pilgrim, the earrings, and the house at Amalfi, and comprehended his wife's mysterious and despairing letter, and measured, in all its horror and infamy, the fatal crime of his ingratitude.

After the few broken words which revealed the horrible truth to Masaniello, and to Marie d'Arcos, the two women fell fainting, one with a cry of grief, the other with one of despair. The viceroy's friends carried off his daughter at one side: Masaniello's the Puzzolienne at the other. A terrible tumult and rumor now filled the church. The crowd became agitated, like an ocean stirred by a sudden tempest. There was running to and fro; there was pushing and questioning. The Cardinal and some others ran to the grand altar, and the imposing ceremony was about to become an inextricable chaos, if the Duc of Arcos and Genovino, determined to reach the end they were now touching, had not announced from the pulpit that the accident was unimportant, that fatigue and heat were the cause of it, that the two prisoners were free by exchange, and the capitulation was about to be promulgated and sworn to.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BEAUTIES OF OLD TIMES.—Lady Don and Mrs. Rochead, of Inverleith, had both shone, first as hooped beauties in the minuets, and then as ladies of ceremonies, at our stately assemblies; and each carried her peculiar qualities and air to the very edge of the grave; Lady Don's dignity softened by gentle sweetness, Mrs. Rochead's made more formidable by cold and rather severe solemnity.

Except Mrs. Siddons, in some of her displays of magnificent royalty, nobody could sit down like the lady of Inverleith. She would sail, like a ship from Tarshish, gorgeous in velvet or rustling in silk, and done up in all the accompaniments of fan, ear-rings and finger-rings, falling sleeves, scent-bottle, embroidered bag, hoop and train—all superb, yet all in purest taste; and managing all this seemingly heavy rigging with as much ease as a full-blown swan does its plumage, she would take possession of the centre of a large sofa, and at the same moment, without the slightest visible exertion, would cover the whole of it with her bravery, the graceful folds seeming to lay themselves over it like summer waves. The descent from her carriage, too, where she sat like a nautilus in its shell, was a display which no one in these days could accomplish, or even fancy. The mulberry-colored coach, spacious, but apparently not too large for what it carried—though she alone was in it; the handsome, jolly coachman, and his splendid hammercloth loaded with lace; the two respectful liveried footmen, one on each side of the richly carpeted step: these were lost sight of amidst the slow majesty with which the lady came down, and touched the earth. She presided in this imperial style over her son's excellent dinners, with great sense and spirit, to the very last day, almost, of a prolonged life.

Lady Don—who lived in George Square—was still more highly bred, as was attested by her polite cheerfulness and easy elegance. The venerable faded beauty, the white, well-coiled hair, the soft hand, sparkling with old brilliant rings, the kind heart, the affectionate manner, the honest, gentle voice, and the mild eye, account for the love with which old age was surrounded. She was about the last person, so far as I recollect, in Edinburgh, who kept a private sedan-chair. Hers stood in the lobby, and was as handsome and comfortable as silk, velvet, and gilding could make it. And when she wished to use it, two well-known respectable chairmen, enveloped in her livery cloaks, were the envy of their brethren. She and Mrs. Rochead both sat in the Tron Church, and well do I remember how I used to form one of the cluster that always took its station to see these beautiful relics emerge from the coach and the chair.

[*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

THE GENTLEMAN.—It is a common thing in the world to meet with men of probity, men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder.—*Steele.*

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.—It is strange that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more solidly of the present and of the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and we neglect the next, as if it were never to have a beginning.—*Fenelon.*

☞ He who is always in want of something cannot be very rich. He is a poor wit who lives by borrowing the words, decisions, maxims, inventions and actions of others. *Lavater.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2a year, if paid in advance—$1, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$3,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
13 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

The Recognition of the Fourth

IN PHILADELPHIA

We have the pleasure of recording that at a meeting of the Philadelphia Common Council, held on the 17th instant, resolutions were unanimously adopted by that body providing that hereafter on the Fourth of July each year, the Mayor, the Select and Common Councils, and all the heads of the municipal departments of the government, shall assemble at the hour of noon in the old State House, and proceed thence to the rear of Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence shall be read to the citizens assembled in the public square; and also providing for the appointment, each year, of a joint special committee of three, whose duty it shall be to make such further arrangements as the city authorities may authorize and direct, with a view to the suitable observance of said day.

This is as it should be. The cheapest and least demonstrative recognition of the great anniversary is better than no recognition at all. Philadelphia is historically too nearly related to the memories and associations that are grouped around Independence Day, to give them the official go-by.' She owes it to her self-respect, if to no deeper feelings, to celebrate fittingly this anniversary. It is indeed strange and sad that full civic welcome to the returning hours which once witnessed the birth of the Republic, has been given in all the great cities of the Union for many years, and withheld alone in this; and we rejoice that a change is wrought here at last.

The observance is at length remembered; let us hope that the breach will not be forgotten. Let us hope that the evils which hitherto have most marked the day, will be materially lessened, both in number and character, on the Fourth of July to come. It is too much to wish that they may be found utterly extinct; yet to accomplish their extinction, gradually if it must be, but also surely, should be the aim to which the efforts of all good citizens ought to tend. We wish to be understood as now repeating with all possible emphasis the call made in a previous issue of this paper for a thorough and radical reform of the popular abuses which annually desecrate our national anniversary. We have already indicated the means by which this end may be accomplished, and we earnestly hope that the proper official action in this direction may commence at once. The members of the city government owe it to the quietude, the safety and the interests of the citizens of whose general welfare they are the appointed and responsible wardens, to devise and strictly enforce such measures as shall prevent a recurrence of the scenes of drunken excess, unbridled license, and mad recklessness and crime, *which have hitherto imperilled public peace, and private life and property.* And they also owe it to the venerated remembrances and the august character of the Day itself, to use their vested authority for the prevention of the scandalous occurrences which have annually linked that character and those remembrances with sins and shames.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

Considerable has been said of late in the papers, respecting the chances of Mr. Breckenridge, the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency. If there should be no election by the people, which is possible, and perhaps probable, it would be the duty of the House to select a President from the three having the highest number of votes, the Representatives from each State casting one vote, and a majority of the whole being required. The Vice President would be chosen by the Senate, from the *two* candidates having the highest number of votes. Now, if Mr. Breckinridge lives, he undoubtedly would be the choice of the Senate for Vice President. But in the House of Representatives great difficulty might be experienced in getting a majority of the whole for either Buchanan, Fremont, or Fillmore. And the Constitution prescribes that if the House shall not succeed in electing a President before the fourth day of March next ensuing, then the Vice President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or constitutional disability of the President.

It is greatly to be desired that the next President should not be elected by a minority of the popular vote—a result which is by no means improbable. In the present excited state of public feeling, a minority President, however constitutional his election might be, would have great additional difficulty in carrying on the government. Many would be willing to submit to the decisions of a real majority of the people of the Union, who would feel disposed to rebel against a mere constitutional majority, either of Electors or of Representatives.

It is greatly to be regretted, that a man may be elected President of the United States, and by the popular vote too, with a majority of hundreds of thousands opposed to him; as the continuance for several years of such a state of things might possibly lead to a revolution. So far, we believe, every successful President has also had a majority of the whole number of voters—a fact almost to be wondered at by those who have attentively considered the probabilities of a different result occasionally.

CITY CLEANLINESS.—The reputation of Philadelphia as the cleanest city in the Union seems to be rapidly passing away. Upon a recent visit to New York, we found Broadway as nicely swept and watered as the most fastidious could desire—the scavengers operating, we believe, entirely during the night, when the stores are closed, and very few vehicles to interfere with their labors. The other streets that we passed through, also seemed much cleaner than those we had left behind in Philadelphia. In fact, with the exception of the Battery enlargement, where enough filth seemed to have been deposited to breed the yellow fever in the vicinity, New York looked and smelled very much to its credit.

A great deal was expected from the recent change of rulers in this city—for a great deal was promised—but we confess we are as yet able to see very little improvement in the condition of our streets. A pretty clean sweep was made of the *offices*, but with that the victors seem quite satisfied. When we consider the importance of well-swept streets to the health of a city, especially in the summer months—to say nothing of the annoyance, and injury to clothing and merchandise, caused by flying clouds of dust—it is greatly to be regretted that it seems almost impossible to procure them.

THINGS AT THE NORTH.

A tour of nearly three weeks in the North—touching at Niagara, Trenton Falls, Saratoga, Lake George and Catlak, would have afforded many incidents for editorial comment, to one whose brain was fresh and hand ready. But we went for relaxation—and found it. And thus, much which we might have worked up at the time for the amusement, or perhaps even edification of our readers, has now fled out of the recognized bounds of memory, into that indefinite space over which the will seems to have but little, if any, control. It may be that nothing really can be absolutely forgotten—but, for practical purposes, a great deal constantly passes "out of mind," and only comes back in a vagrant manner, at the call of some associated idea.

Still, to add to the variety of our editorial columns, perhaps a few random recollections and suggestions of the things we have seen, may not be unwelcome to our readers. Would we could only infuse into our words a breath of that cool, inspiring Northern air, which swept down upon us as we mounted the Catskill, and greeted us rather too heartily and wildly as we steamed down the transparent waves of Lake George.

What a noble, glorious country is this North land of ours, was our almost constant thought, as we journeyed through the mountain regions of Pennsylvania, and the diversified scenery of our magnificent sister-state of New York. And would that the works of man in our own great state were as worthy of admiration as the wonderful gifts of nature! Travelling northward to Elmira, the towns of Pennsylvania, as soon as you leave the neighborhood of Philadelphia, are by no means calculated to increase the state pride of "one to the manor born." Houses stuck side by side, as in a crowded city, wanting paint much, and foliage and neatness more, seem to predominate until you reach the New York line. Then you come to Elmira, and you seem to have reached a different people. A very pretty town it is, worthy of the appellation of "Queen city of the Southern tier of New York counties." Houses varying in size, of course; but scarcely one in which any man, whatever his old associations, could not pleasantly and happily live. And then the houses not stuck together, but each in its own cultivated plot, large or small, and the gardens almost universally showing all the beautiful signs of thrift and cleanliness. No dirty slops defiling and polluting the streets, but all turned to their appropriate use, either in feeding animals, or in enriching the garden.

We are a Pennsylvanian, and are not pleased to have to make these humiliating acknowledgments as to the extent to which our own beloved state suffers, in the sections which we have visited, by comparison with New York; but we disdain that false pride which shrinks from a confession of the truth, knowing that confession is the almost necessary prelude to amendment.

We cannot say that we admire the everlasting white and green of Elmira, and other New York towns and villages—as the glare, when the foliage is scanty, is almost insufferable. A cream, or stone, or other neutral tint, is greatly to be preferred in a country town for the prevailing color. White looks well only when surrounded by thick foliage, through which you get merely glimpses of the dwelling. The true rule in coloring is to darken the color—of course, in reason—in proportion to the absence of foliage. Thus a new house, with the trees and shrubbery around it just planted, should be painted a darker shade than when the trees and shrubbery are well grown. Even a staring white, as we have said, looks very pretty when toned down by masses of verdure. While commending therefore our New York friends for the generally neat, cleanly and refined appearance of their towns, we would beg of them not to lay on the white and green in such terrible uniformity. Let us have more cream and stone colors, with the shutters and doors painted a darker shade of the same color as the rest of the house.

To recur again to the subject of cleanliness, it is of the greatest importance in country towns, where there are no culverts, that all the slops and refuse of the kitchen should be used, instead of being wasted. Where the slops are thrown into the street, whatever of beauty there may be about the town is polluted and defiled. And yet notwithstanding this is so evident that he who cannot see it may smell it, a large proportion of the country towns we have visited are open to this objection. Putting beauty aside, the injury to health produced in this manner, should alone suffice to remedy the evil.

One of the lines of railroad which united make the Pennsylvania route to Niagara—we believe it is that between Williamsport and Elmira—did about the most perilous travelling that we were subjected to. Owing either to the roughness of the road, or the deficient springs of the cars—the conductor said the latter—the passengers were tossed about in really an alarming manner. As you looked at the car ahead of you, it seemed a miracle that it was not thrown from the track, such were its spasmodic heavings and plungings. As we heard other travellers allude to the same thing, we infer that this is a daily occurrence on the road in question. For ourselves, we made up our mind in case we heard of an "accident" on that road, not to be in the least astonished.

We think there has been an improvement in the general adoption of the check system, and of other conveniences to travellers, since a trip we made Northward three years ago. It is greatly to be regretted, however, that no effectual means have yet been devised—or, if devised, adopted—to prevent the constant showering of the passengers with cinders, and in dry weather, with dust. These are *the* annoyances of railroad travelling—which lessen its pleasures, and increase its pains, fully two-thirds. On the New York Central Road, and on the Camden and Amboy Road, we found the running gear of the cars surrounded by a screen of boards and canvas, which excluded considerable, though by no means all of the dust—but the smoke and cinder annoyance was about the same everywhere; the inventive genius of the country, or the enterprise of the companies, seeming to be utterly unable to cope with the nuisance. Surely there must be some remedy for these terrible banes of railroad travelling. What Yankee genius will confer the requisite boon upon the lungs and eyes and dresses of the travelling community? To travel *safely* in a railroad car at thirty miles an hour, without being blinded and jaded with smoke and cinders and dust—why it would be next door to elysium; and increase the profits of the various companies we cannot tell how much.

Two suggestions we would make to the Railroad Managers. Why not *always* announce the exact time the train is to stop, when it does stop to take in wood and water, or for any other regular purpose? It would conduce greatly to the comfort of the passengers. And why not, when you stop for meals, allow a full half hour for the eating, and adhere faithfully to your time. Ten or fifteen minutes gained by causing half the passengers to bolt about half a meal—and sometimes not that, when the number of waiters is insufficient—is not a saving but a waste of time.

We saw, or imagined we saw, considerable change in Niagara during the last three years—at least in the Horseshoe Fall. The shape of this fall seems to us to have considerably altered by the deepening of the curved green angle where the greatest depth of water flows over. The term horse shoe is not very applicable to this fall at *present*.

But slight changes of this character lessen not a particle the sublime grandeur of Niagara. It is as ever, one of the wonders of the world—which pilgrims may cross wide oceans expressly to behold, and go away not disappointed.

Trenton Falls was a new acquaintance to us—and we would advise all lovers of the picturesque to diverge from the straight line of travel to pay this wild, coy beauty of the woods a visit. Trenton Falls is not Niagara to be sure—but neither is Niagara Trenton Falls. The stream is not a large one—at least in the summer months—when its waters are not swollen by freshets—but what water it has it disposes of to the very best advantage. It is called, not very appropriately, *West Canada Creek*, and when in an untroubled state, is of a dark though very clear color. But flinging itself down steep cataracts, dashing into deep ravines, and against huge rocks, or spreading itself out in a clear calm sheet upon a massive bed of flat stone, it delights in presenting every hue up to the foamiest white, to the delighted eye of the beholder. And then the whole course of the stream is in a deep ravine—with wooded and rocky sides, sometimes almost perpendicular, between one and two hundred feet high. Altogether it is a delightful series of falls, probably about two miles in extent, and all most wildly picturesque and beautiful.

The accommodations at the Falls, we may add, are very good. Of course visitors should be a little careful in straying about the river, not to tumble down precipices—though even accidents of this kind have their advantages. Mr. Moore, the present gentlemanly proprietor, found this the case, when, many years ago, wandering about the ravine, he fell, and injured himself so severely that he had to be put to bed. But one fall led to another. Tended by the fair daughter of his host, he fell into love—falling into love, he naturally fell into matrimony; and now we find him fallen into the possession of the Falls themselves.

As Mr. Moore, we believe, himself has daughters, we are fearful lest in penning the above, we should be the innocent cause of falls and sprainings innumerable at Trenton, upon the part of young men belonging to the travelling community.

Perhaps the most delightful place we visited in our trip—considered in the light of a summer residence—was Caldwell, at the head of Lake George. Here is to be found a very large and excellent hotel, built within a few rods of the place where Fort William Henry formerly stood, and somewhat appropriately, and also somewhat inappropriately, called "Fort William Henry Hotel." From the large and shady piazzas of the hotel, you have a view down the lake probably of some twelve or fourteen miles—a view of one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world, lying serenely and securely in a nest of mountains. Here you also have boating and fishing—two grand requisites of a perfect summer location. And, judging by our experience of several days, here you nearly always have the cool, refreshing, life-giving breezes of the North. Niagara is very sublime—Trenton Falls very beautiful—Saratoga very, yes, terribly fashionable; but give us Caldwell for a *month's* residence before either of them.

We know that the result of such a notice as this, in so widely circulated a paper as the Post, will be the necessity of another wing to Fort William Henry Hotel next summer—but as it is our unbiassed and unsolicited opinion, and spoken merely and entirely for the benefit of the travelling community, the proprietor must needs pocket the consequences.

Of course, when at Fort William Henry, and in the midst of those scenes where Cooper laid the plot of perhaps his most delightful novel, "The Last of the Mohicans," one naturally desires to obtain a copy of the novel itself, wherewith to refresh his memory. There lies the "Horicon," with its green waves almost jelly-like in their singular transparency—there is the ground, surrounded with the deep traces of a moat, and now grown-up with evergreens, where Fort William Henry stood—there are the hills which echoed to the cries of the hundreds of victims of savage barbarity, and Montcalm's thoughtlessness, if not connivance, one hundred years ago—but where are Cora, and Alice, and Heyward, and Hawk-eye, and Chingachook, and Uncas, the paragon of youthful braves? Ah, the former were stern realities, but the latter, though mere creations of the novelist's brain, are even more imperishable in the memories of men.

Is it to be wondered at that one should wish to reperuse the "Last of the Mohicans," on the shores of the "Horicon?" But take the book with you, romance-loving reader, take it with you—or else you may receive a similar answer to that which awaited us. "Yes, a good many people do ask for that book, but we really have not got in all our *stationery yet.*" Perhaps though, by the time you go, dear reader—considering this notice—the proprietor will have at least a dozen copies of Cooper's best, not exactly "stationary," but flying from hand to hand in all directions.

THE LATE COLLISION.

We give in our news columns a compendium of the most authentic accounts of the recent terrible collision on the North Pennsylvania Railroad. A simple statement of the facts is all that is required in the view of such a heart-rending calamity. Epithets of horror are superfluous, where the simple truth transcends all the magnifying power of rhetoric. What could we add, for instance, to a fact like this, told us by a gentleman who was present—the back hair of one of the lifeless female forms was found neatly done up, thick and glossy as ever, with a silver arrow sticking through it—it was all that the fire had left of the head.

As we write, we have not all the facts sufficiently well authenticated before us, to enable us to say who was principally to blame for the occurrence. The suicide of the conductor of the down train, would seem to imply a deep feeling on his part that he was to a greater or less degree culpable. *If* the instructions of the Company to their agents were as full and specific as they are alleged to have been—and *if* those agents were men whose former conduct had reasonably entitled them to hold situations of such great responsibility—the Company should not be held accountable for this most terrible of all railroad massacres. But that some one is accountable, is very evident—and it is that the mere impatience or want of judgment of one man, may have led to such indescribable suffering and sorrow.

One result, we trust, of this sad event, will be the abandonment of such large excursion parties, especially on railroads. They lead to the running of trains out of their regular times, and in various ways are calculated to promote collisions and other accidents. And such large companies are rather calculated to lessen than to increase the pleasure of a picnic. We trust, therefore, that we have seen the last of them in Philadelphia.

One peculiar sadness in the case before us, is that so many children were engaged in the excursion. How their little hearts had been beating for days, if not for weeks—and how wild their delight when waking early upon the appointed morning. But an hour has elapsed from their departure, and their souls are fairly panting with the delight of the green fields and the rapid motion, when to the gay and merry prattle of hundreds of childish voices succeeds in an instant a sudden shock, and then the loud wail of pain, anguish and despair. Oh, Father of the Innocents! where were thy protecting angels at that awful hour! But we hush our murmurs, and bow to thy inscrutable decrees, All Wise and All Merciful Father, knowing that for some good reason thy arm was not interposed between this gay and happy company of youth and innocence, and the impending ruin.

IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.—It is stated by late letters from England, that a treaty has been negotiated between Great Britain and Honduras, by which the Bay Islands are ceded to the latter, upon conditions acceptable to the American Minister. If this be so, and the Central American Question be thus happily settled, it should be a cause of fervent rejoicing in both countries.

MORE TERRITORY!—We learn that Secretary Marcy had sent a proposition to President Comonfort to purchase another slice of Mexico. Marcy's offer, it is stated, was $6,000,000 for the thirty-first parallel of latitude for the boundary line to the Gulf of California. According to the advices President Comonfort refused to entertain the proposition.

THE LANDS OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.—We are requested to make the following statement relative to these lands, which have been advertised extensively in our columns:—

The lands offered for sale by the Illinois Central Railroad Company were granted by the United States to the State of Illinois, by the act of 20th September 1850. All the conditions stipulated in that act have been fulfilled, and the title to these lands can no longer be affected by legislation.

By the act of 10th February, 1851, the State of Illinois incorporated this Company, and directed the Governor to convey to said Company, by a deed in fee simple, all of said lands, &c., which was done.

The said act further required said Company to execute a deed of trust of all of said lands, &c., to certain persons named therein to the State, to secure the performance of the conditions and stipulations required there by. The bonds issued under this trust are being paid as fast as the money is received from the sale of the lands set apart for that purpose. All bonds received for lands, or purchased with the proceeds of such lands, are officially cancelled by the Trustees.

Where payment is made in full, the purchaser at once obtains his title from the Trustees appointed by the State. If the sale is on credit, however, the title is not given till final payment is made, but the purchaser receives a contract, stipulating that such title will be given on full payment, and compliance with the conditions specified therein. Each payment for lands sold on credit, can be made in construction bonds, or cash; and if in the latter, it is applied to the purchase of such bonds; and the particular tract is at once exempted from liability, and a perfect title given by the Trustees—being, in fact, the first conveyance under the authority of the General Government.

The sales are made under the direction of the Trustees, and are authorized by an Act of the State Legislature. The lands thus sold are exempted from taxation by said law of the State till finally paid for.

The Trustees execute deeds for all lands sold; and the conveyance by said Trustees, in the terms of the law, is "an absolute title in fee simple," and operates "as a release or an acquittance of the particular tract or tracts so sold from all liability or incumbrance on account of said deed of trust, and the issue of said bonds—so as to vest in the purchasers a complete and indefeasible title."

Thus it is seen, that the Act of Congress making the grant, secures the title in purchasers, whatever may be the action of the State; and the law of the State incorporating this Company, while amply securing the bond-holders, is alike careful to protect purchasers of the lands, and to secure to them perfect and complete titles in any and every contingency.

THE GREAT CLOTHES' QUESTION.—It now appears that it was Professor Mahan, of West Point, whose appearance in his simple uniform so horrified the Master of Ceremonies at the English Court. The Professor wore the regular uniform of his branch of the U. S. service, as witness the following extract from the general orders:—

"MILITARY ACADEMY.—192. The uniform of the Professors, Teachers, and their assistants, not in the line of the army, including the Sword and Riding Masters, shall be a citizen's blue cloth *dress* coat, with buttons of the Corps of Engineers, round black hat, pantaloons and vest plain, white or dark blue, cravat or stock black."

The Professor is said to be a gentleman not at all given to violations of etiquette, and believing that a military uniform was always considered full dress, supposed that he was wearing exactly what the rules of good-breeding required. We notice that a contemporary draws a distinction between the parade and the fatigue military uniforms, the former only being presentable at Court—but, if we are not mistaken, the uniform above prescribed is the only parade uniform that the Professor was entitled to wear. It will be noticed that the assertions of the generality of the English press that the Professor wore a *yellow* vest, are not founded in truth. Though why a yellow vest is so much more outrageous and horrible than a white one, we are unable clearly to perceive. Can it be that as the phrase "in the buff" is sometimes used to express the absence of all clothing, a buff vest is considered by an astute "Master of Deportment," as almost equivalent to no vest at all? We commend the investigation of this abstruse point to those interested in the subject.

New Publications.

HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE: HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND CRITICAL. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

We are sorry to be compelled to think that this little work, which we understand to be the reprint of an English publication, is not destined to fill the vacancy long reserved in our libraries for a book of this character. It may, however, do so, after a fashion, in a second edition, having been subjected to a three-fold process of excision, addition, and revision. A publication of this nature, however limited in design and execution, should possess a certain character of completeness and accuracy to render it permanently valuable, and the greatest pains ought to be taken in its preparation in order to secure this end. It must not be indebted for its critical and biographical notices to the writers of the North American Quarterly—seldom distinguished for liberality, generosity, or universality in their literary estimations—or to the general unreliability of Doctor Griswold. In professing to give the world an account of American literature, it should endeavor that its account may, by thoroughness and accuracy, vindicate its profession. We regret to say that the claims of this volume cannot, fully, be thus vindicated. Yet its many excellencies award it much relative value. We object to it only because it is not completely reliable and faultlessly accurate and entire. It has evidently been compiled with a great deal of industry, and its historical portion, strictly speaking, is probably sufficiently correct and full. Even Mr. Griswold's labors in this direction merit commendation, and after his accumulations, not to mention those of others, accuracy and completeness are easy.

We will endeavor briefly to state a few of our objections to the claims of this work. It may be remarked that the passages selected from the works of the authors as specimens of their genius, are by no means, in many instances at least, fair specimens, are not commonly chosen with good taste, and do not truly represent the character of their productions. Charles Sprague, for instance, is presented to us by "The Winged Worshipers"—not, certainly, one of his best poems. Again, Emerson comes to us in a few lines from "The Humblebee"—very exquisite, it is true; but then the poetic world remembers the supreme spiritual tenderness and majestic grief of the "Threnody"—the sorrowful sweetness of the "Dirge"—the "unthoughtlike thoughts which are the soul of thought" of "Merlin," "To Rhea," "The Initial, Daemonic, and Celestial Love," "Hermione," "Monadnoc," and twenty other poems at least, not at all "cold and metaphysical in their spirit," but overrunning with radiant, obvious beauty and human nobleness, and deserving the most cordial recognition and admiration, not to say notice. We will not further extend our criticisms on this point in regard to the poetic selections; the specimens of the American prose writers are, let it be admitted, extracted with more judgment.

Let us say in passing that we are sorry to see reprinted in this volume the substance of Mr. Griswold's scandalous memoir of Edgar Poe—a part of which, at least, that relating to the circumstances of the dissolution of Mr. Poe's engagement with "one of the most beautiful and accomplished women in New England," has been publicly denied in the columns of the New York Tribune—denied in the most explicit and decided manner, and by a person well qualified to make the denial. Our compiler's charitable suggestion as to the inaccuracy of the statement in point, does not materially lessen the force of our strictures. His entire notice of Mr. Poe, biographically considered, is in very questionable taste. Mr. Griswold's memoir was a tissue woven of scandalous truth, distortions of truth, and downright falsehood. A thoughtful man would hesitate at reprinting it, or a part of it, without the fullest assurance of its truthfulness and accuracy. But the whole matter rests on still higher grounds. Every just and generous mind will at once allow that the private life and conduct of a literary man are not fit subjects for public remark or discussion. We have nothing to do with an author's life or character; his works alone are our concern. True, we can pardon, and indeed praise, the biographer who, as in the case of Charles Lamb's, explores a private history in order that he may lay a fuller garland of recorded honors upon the author's grave. But to ferret out the errors and sins of a literary man for public exhibition, is to gratify a useless and culpable popular curiosity at the expense of decency, honor, and charity. The private character of a public man often justly becomes public property, and may, even when most corrupt, be rightfully held up to the world as a lesson to instruct or an example to deter. Yet, even here, the necessity alone can justify the deed. But the practice in relation to the author is at once despicable and inexcusable. Tennyson has flashed on it his grandest scorn, and, indeed, fully stated the whole case in all its bearings, in the noble poem addressed to his brother, from which we quote a few stanzas:—

"For now the poet cannot die
And leave his music as of old,
But e'er him are he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry;—

"Reveal the faults he would not show;
Break every seal; betray the trust;
Keep nothing back; it is but just
The many-headed beast should know.

"Ah, shameless!—for he did but sing
A song that pleased us for its worth;
No public life was his on earth—
No blazoned statesman he, or king—

"He gave the people of his best!
His worst he kept; his best he gave.
My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest!"

To which, leaving the topic, we cordially respond Amen.

The female poets get, it must be said, scanty and barren notice from our compiler. Mrs. Sigourney's "Emigrant Mother" is quoted; it is not the best sample of her poetry that might be exhibited. The estimation of Mrs. Osgood's poetic merit, is simply absurd; and the statement of the character of her poetry could not well be more erroneous. A single stanza of one of her least poetic poems—"Laborare est Orare," is given as a taste of her quality. The names of a few minor poetesses are printed, but Mrs. Estelle Anna Lewis, Mrs. Botta (formerly Miss Lynch) and others, all of whom stand in the van, do not even receive mention. Mrs. Whitman is not noticed. Yet, it is more than probable, a jury of poets would award her the crown and singing robe above all her compeers. Her poetry, for range and subtlety of thought, grace and glimmer of scholarship, delicacy and tenderness of feeling, aerial fancy, pomp of imagination, sacred and cloistral beauty of spirit and sentiment, sweet and accurate picturings of natural scenery, and verbal skill and melody, has never been surpassed—never perhaps equalled—by any American poetess. But our compiler does not know it, and consequently in preparing an account of the female poets for general circulation, omits to even mention the best, or one of the best, of them all!

Among the poets, William Gilmore Simms is only mentioned incidentally as having written "poems." Edwards Coates Pinckney is bundled in with some "writers of pleasing verses not marked by any striking originality!" Philip Pendleton Cooke is not mentioned. It seems as if the bard who sang "Florence Vane" and the "Froissart Ballads", really deserved at least mention, though in only a passing notice. But the beam of the Quarterly Review appears to have become a fixture in our compiler's eye, and he can see little but what that venerable fossil has had the previous fortune to see.

The portion of the work devoted to the Prose Writers is, as we have said, the best. Yet even here there are sins of omission and commission. Mrs. Childs' beautiful romance "Philothea" is slurred over with the impertinent remark that "its philosophical talk belongs rather to Boston in the days of Ralph Waldo Emerson," than to Athens in the days of Pericles and Phidias; and the writer seems to consider this such an exquisite stroke of wit that he repeats it further on. He forgets to remember that the little Academe of which Emerson is the Plato, is sufficiently the apeamatinis—the reappearance—of the Academy at Athens to supply a reason for the resemblance he complains of in the talk of Mrs. Childs' book to the talk of the sage of Concord. In other words, to talk like Emerson is not to talk unlike Plato. It may be mentioned here, that the notice of Emerson is nothing but the cold and captious echo of the North American Humdrum, at a time when that sober stupidity of Quarterlies was disposed to illustrate the anecdote of an eminent New York *literateur* who gravely asked, in reply to some expressions of admiration regarding the poet Browning: "Who is this Robert Browning?" Thackeray, when in this country, is reported to have said to Mr. Spanish Literature Ticknor: "Mr. Ticknor, I have come all the way from England for the pleasure of seeing Ralph Waldo Emerson—where does he live?" "Emerson?" ran the dubious answer, "Emerson—Emerson—w-y—I-d-o-n-t know!" "I thought," said Thackeray, afterwards, in telling the anecdote—"I thought when Mr. Ticknor made me that reply, that I must be in bad company!" So with the North American. For a long time it professed not to know where Ralph Waldo Emerson lived. It has begun to find out now, and its readers also. It will not do for the compilers of Handbooks of American Literature to echo the old cavils and sneers. Neither will it do for them to lavish contempt, as this one does, on the philosophical writings of Fichte an Jacobi and the other Germans. Every scholar, no matter how great may have been his puzzlement over their metaphysics, will declare such conduct ineffably silly.

But to return. To would like to know why Laura Bridgman has place in a Handbook of Literature? She is an instance of the mental development that may write books, but it would seem fitting to wait till the development does it, before its instance gets a niche in a wrk of this character. Mr. Barnum's work undoubtedly deserves a place as one of the curiosities of literature, but its place would more fitly be in an appedix than between Sparks, Prescott, Silliman, and Audubon. And while mentioning Bayard Taylo, Mitchell, Willis, and others of higher and lower egree, it appears only proper that Geo. W. Curtis should have been named, for the brilliant Howadji is ertainly as well known as a traveller, romancer, an satirist as any of these.

We might connue our criticisms, but we have said enough to iow the deficiencies of the work. Whether it merit can atone for these, we submit to the public, who the most interested party in the matter. The bok has, as we have observed, much relative worth. We cannot help thinking, however, that the existent of such faults vitiates the excellencies of the edre performance.

THE NEWSPAPER ACCOM. Compiled and published by Lay & Brother, Philadelphia.

This is a putcation of great merit and value. It contains a com ete list of the Newspapers and Periodicals in the Uited States, Canada, and Great Britain, includes a wc written sketch of the Origin and Progress of Pating, and a clever running account of newspape in Europe and America. The author of this edition of the work extends his researches even to the East, telling us the condition of the press in China, Persia, &c. In fact, the work is comete, and leaves nothing of interest which attach to the subject it treats, untouched. Its value is questionable.

THE WIFE TRIALS. A Novel. W. P. Fetridge & Co., N. Y. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

We have received from the enterprising publishers above mentioned, the first of a series of four volumes, now in process of publication, bearing the above title. The entire history extends from the earliest colonization of the States to the terminus of the twenty-sixth Congress in 1841. The first volume concludes with the closing of Washington's political career.

The mechanical appearance of the work—always an important consideration in books of this character above all others—reflects the highest credit upon the publishers. The paper is white and firm, the print large and clear, the typographical execution unexceptionable, and the blank borders and margins of the pages conveniently ample for the annotations of the reader. Moreover, the volumes are serviceably and elegantly bound, and consequently, will ornament the shelves of the most fastidious library.

The literary character of the publication is as creditable to the author, as its mechanical appearance is to the publisher. The work is not alone admirable for its learning, accuracy, impartiality, and calmness, but also for the simplicity, compactness, directness and precision of its language, and its unambitious and forcible style. The author evidently means to be perfectly just and fair in his historical treatment of the various parties whose action is comprised within the period over which his design extends, and we all know that the honest wish to be impartial commonly prefigures its own accomplishment. His political philosophy, without being very far-reaching or profound, is yet sagacious, liberal, and, in its degree, comprehensive. It is not sullied by any partisan spirit, or liable to distrust from any tendency to special pleading for or against any men or measures; but is characterized by a wise eclecticism which detects wisdom and virtue in the leaders and operations of all parties, distributes merit without reference to party differences of opinion or action, and sees all as co-operant to great national ends. The equal justice of the comparison between Jefferson and Hamilton, and the liberal appreciation of the political excellencies and intellectual qualities of both of these great men—so distinct in their separate individuality, and so diverse in their governmental theories and policy—are specially noticeable as a proof of the author's fairness, liberality, and nationality of view, and also of his generous pride in personages who belong to the whole nation, and not to any particular part thereof. In a narrative point of view, the work is marked by much power of condensation, conciseness, clearness of statement, and accuracy. It cannot be called eloquent—at least, according to the standard suggested by Mr. Bancroft's writings—but its vigor and simplicity of relation are full equivalents for the absence of mere rhetorical graces.

There are two or three slight grammatical inaccuracies in the present volume which have escaped the strict revision to which it has evidently been subjected, and which ought to be corrected in the next edition. The most apparent of these occurs on page 375, in the sentence commencing, "It has seemed strange to some that a mind like that of Alexander Hamilton," etc., the end of which, like Trinculo's government, forgets its beginning. Another occurs on page 78, in the sentence describing the effect of Col. Barre's speech. With these, and a few other trivial exceptions, we have noticed nothing to mar the general literary faultlessness of the volume.

We take much pleasure in commending the work to the public as one of permanent worth. To all persons engaged in political life, or having political interests, as well as to the general reader, it will be at once highly useful and interesting. It is moreover valuable as affording a history of the nation down to a later period than American histories which date back to the colonization of the country usually comprehend.

THE WANDERER: A Tale of Life's Vicissitudes. By the author of "The Watchman." Published by E. D. Long, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The author of the "Wanderer" has a fair talent for book-making, and in this instance has produced quite a readable novel. The movement of the tale proceeds over a large area, including both this and the Old World. Considerable knowledge of men and life is shown in the various scenes, and the book is written with much simplicity, naturalness, and pleasant humor, though occasionally with a little weakness, and some abortive efforts at caricature. Mr. Amos Biggin, the Barnumboish adventurer, for instance, is so thin a character that we can see sheer through it to the author's spasmodic intention to make it funny. It is the phantom of an unplausible impossibility. The other efforts at graphic characterization are more successful.

POPULAR LECTURES ON COMMERCIAL LAW. By GEORGE SHARSWOOD. Published and for sale by Hayes & Zell, Philadelphia.

A popular work of practical value to all business men. It is a full and clear statement of the principles and details of commercial law, in all its relations. It is, furthermore, adapted to the comprehension, and intended for the use, of persons who have no intimate knowledge of the legal bearings of this subject.

BLOSSOMS OF PIETY. Published and for sale by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

HELEN LINCOLN. A Tale. By Carrie Capron. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

NEWS ITEMS.

ALLEGED SLAVE VESSEL.—C. T. Baker, A. C. Baptista, Carlos Lahada, and Wm. Stabler, were arrested at Baltimore on July 14th, charged with being engaged in the slave trade. The schr. C. F. Cole, it is alleged was purchased, fitted out, sailed for the Coast of Africa, landed a cargo of slaves at Havana, and having returned to Chesapeake Bay, was abandoned, having first been scuttled. The vessel was subsequently brought into port. Mr. Baptista is the Portuguese Consul at this port.

AN ITALIAN PAPER publishes a telegraphic report that Mr. Dallas and all his suite, attired in frock coats, demanded admission into the presence of the Queen of England, and that, being refused, they went away in a flaming passion. "*Con fremitodira.*"

THE TEMPERANCE WOMEN of Rockport, Cape Cod, have "gone and done it," in Western style. On Tuesday morning, a company of about seventy-five of them, headed by an American flag, carried by a stout sailor, paraded through the streets, and proceeding from place to place, destroyed all the liquor they could lay their hands on. Demijohns and decanters were smashed, and barrels of rum, gin and brandy were rolled into the streets, and their heads knocked in.

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER—THIRTY TO FORTY LIVES LOST.—The steamer Northern Indiana, took fire on July 16th, about 11 o'clock, while on her passage from Buffalo to Toledo, and was burned to the water's edge. Large numbers of the passengers were rescued by the steamer Mississippi, and others were saved by a propeller and schooner. Notwithstanding this, from thirty to forty are reported to have been lost. From fifteen to twenty must were known to be on board, are missing. The names of the lost have not been ascertained.

A WEALTHY BEGGAR.—Catherine Alberti, a beggar and fortune-teller, died at Raleigh, N. C., last week. On examining her effects, $2,600 in gold, silver, and notes were found, together with evidence of her owning a plantation in Kentucky, and twenty shares of railroad stock. Around her body was a belt full of gold coin.

WALTER JAMES—CORRECTION.—The paragraph which accused Mr. Walter James, a son of G. P. R. James, of wilfully murdering some Indians at the West, is without truth. Mr. James was attacked by three Indians, who were in liquor—was obliged to fight for his life—and did so with his hunting-knife, disabling his three assailants, but wounding none of them fatally. Mr. James is a civil engineer on one of the Western railroads, and is a gentleman of high character.

THE REPORTED DEATH OF LYDIA MARIA CHILD.—A letter from Paris to one of the Boston journals, announced the death of Mrs. L. M. Child, a lady descended from the Lee family of Virginia, and distinguished for talents. This was not the Lydia Maria Child, however, who occupies so prominent a position in literature. The fact of the names of the ladies being the same, may cause a general circulation of the opposite conclusion.

Life in Paris.

A Religious Ceremony—A Genuine Relic—International Charity—"Many a Little Makes a Mickle"—Modern Morality—A Novel Feat—A New Weapon.

Paris, June 26, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Dinners and balls have been going on uninterruptedly in "high places" since the date of my last, in honor of the body of public functionaries brought to the metropolis to witness the grand occurrence already duly chronicled.

The finishing touch, however, seems to have been put to all these gay doings on Sunday last, when a solemn religious service, the details of which were carefully prepared by the "Master of Ecclesiastical Ceremonies" of the Imperial household, took place in the chapel of the lovely little Palace of St. Cloud, to which the Court lost no time in returning after the grand doings of the baptism.

This grand "religious service" was got up for the solemn presentation to the Empress, in the name of His Holiness the Pope, and by the hands of His Eminence the Cardinal-Legate *a latere* Patrizzi, of the Golden Rose, which the Pope blesses every year with great pomp, and then presents the same to some Catholic Princess, as a mark of his especial affection and esteem.

The Rose in question, however, is not, this year, merely a Rose, but also a Rose-bush, laden with leaves, buds, and blossoms, *the Rose*, so carefully blessed by the Successor of St. Peter, expanding its shining petals on the top of the bush. This beautiful object, made of solid gold, and of the most exquisite workmanship, stands in a golden vase, on the sides of which are two fine bas-reliefs, one of which represents "The Birth of the Virgin," the other her "Presentation in the Temple." The vase stands on a magnificent slab of *lapis-lazuli*, adorned with mosaics, and the Papal and Imperial arms in gold. At a certain part of the ceremony, the Empress, at the invitation of the important "Ecclesiastical" functionary above-mentioned, advanced to the altar, and received the precious object from the hands of the Cardinal, the Pope's bull, empowering him to fulfil this solemn and responsible mission, having just been read, for the edification of all concerned.

After this, the Cardinal presented to the Emperor, still in the Pope's name and stead, a fine mosaic copy of Guido's "St. John the Baptist in the desert;" and to the baby—I beg his pardon—"the Son of France," a magnificent reliquary, richly encrusted with plaques of enamel and carved jewels, containing, as the *Moniteur* gravely assures us, "a piece of the wood of the Holy Manger." The same weighty authority also states that "Monseigneur le Prince Imperial was present at the ceremony."

All these presents, marks of the affection of the "Head of the visible Church," and supposed to be endowed with sundry occult virtues, appear to have been welcomed with the utmost devotion and respect by their Imperial recipients.

So brilliantly has this whole affair of the baptism gone off, that the Emperor of Austria is said to be quite out of sorts at the comparative lack-lustrousness of the programme of rejoicings got up by his Master of the Ceremonies, for the approaching baptism of his first-born. The programme in question has been picked to pieces at the Palace of Vienna, and several changes have been introduced, but the thing has not yet been got into a shape satisfactory to the Austro-Imperial mind, and the Court is in a state of great perplexity and distress upon the subject.

The question of who shall be Regent, in case the present ruler of France should die before the little creature now in its cradle should have attained its majority, is now before the Senate. It is proposed to vest this responsible office in the Empress-Mother, assisted by a Regency Council, to be named by the present Emperor, or, in default of such nomination, by the Senate, the members of the Council to vote upon Treaties of Peace, Declarations of War, Commercial Treaties, Modifications of the Constitution, and the Marriage of the Emperor-to-be; excepting in these cases, the power of the Regent to be supreme, and the members of the Regency-Council to be entitled merely to express their opinion.

By a singular anomaly, the supreme power, which the Salic law has refused to confer upon women in their own right, has been exercised from the earliest ages of the French monarchy by the mothers of the heir to the throne. The very fact that women cannot ostensibly reign in France, seems to have caused them to be regarded as the safest guardians of the sceptre that, as history has repeatedly shown, might prove too tempting a deposit in masculine hands.

Thus, despite the old Frankish adage, "the sceptre cannot be changed from a lance to a distaff," the supreme power was thus held, under the descendants of Clovis, in the year 578, and again in 590. In 655, the firm and respected hand of the Queen-Mother, Bathilde, held sway during the minority of her son. During the minority of Philippe-Auguste, his mother, Alix de Champagne, widow of Louis the Seventh, guided the realm wisely and well; and after the accession of Philippe, the widowed Queen again ruled the land, by her son's desire, while the guardians of St. Louis went to fight in Palestine. The Regency of Blanche of Castile, the illustrious widow of Louis the Eighth, was one of the most brilliant periods in French annals; as was also the no less celebrated Regency of Anne of Austria, widow of Louis the Thirteenth; two Princes of Spanish origin having thus had the honor of inaugurating the two most brilliant reigns of the Third Race.

Philippe le Bel, Charles V., and Charles VI., also appointed their wives to be Regent during the minority of their heir; while Louis XI. went still farther, appointing his daughter, Anne of France, to this office during the minority of her brother, rather than entrust this power to a Prince of the blood. Catherine and Marie de Medici, will also be remembered as among the female Regents of France, and many others, queens or princesses, have been appointed to the office by their husbands, although they never filled the post, the heir to the throne having attained his majority before the death of the father.

The collections already made in France on behalf of the sufferers by the floods, have reached nearly three millions of francs; a mere "drop in the bucket," however, when compared with the enormous amount of devastation thus occasioned. Besides the contributions being made for this purpose in England, the Pope, the Sultan, the King of Sardinia, and the Minister of Venezuela, have sent liberal donations, as have various wealthy and influential foreigners of different nations.

But it is so evidently impossible for private charity to meet so colossal a disaster, that a general feeling exists among the public in favor of some large action on the part of the government, with a view to the devising of some method of preventing the recurrence of these floods. The subject is sure to come in, ere long, for careful study. Meantime, M. Dubroca, the eloquent and persevering advocate of the principle of insurance, is out with another pamphlet on the subject, in which he urges the necessity of no longer restricting the beneficent action of this principle to the losses occasioned by fire, but of forming a vast associated Insurance Company, which should cover the five great categories of loss, viz., by fire, floods, hot, hail, and insects. The amount of insurable property in France being given as two hundred and ten millions of francs, with an average loss of forty-two millions, while the population of the country is estimated at thirty-six millions, it is evident, says M. Dubroca, that an annual contribution of some forty-five *sous* per head would suffice to cover the total amount of the losses which now weigh cruelly, not only on individuals, but on the public through the perturbations thus caused in the prices. He shows that the Fire Insurance Companies, as now organized, make enormous profits out of the least frequent class of disasters; their annual receipts amounting to above three times the amount of their outlay. Should it be found impossible to carry out this plan of universal insurance by means of private enterprise, M. Dubroca urges the Government to take it up, and by the imposition of the slight special tax above indicated—so slight, that the poorest might pay it without inconvenience—form a fund for the integral repayment of all losses arising from the five main causes he enumerates. He urges that the public would be amply repaid for this slight sacrifice, not only directly by the certainty, for each of its members, of ample assistance in case of personal loss, but also indirectly, but not less really, by the prevention of fluctuations in agriculture and commerce, and by the stability which would be introduced into the markets by the action of this general system.

One of the most brilliant theatrical successes of the season is the new play entitled *la Bourse*, by M. Ponsard, in which the author stigmatizes the passion of the day for the stock-jobbing and gambling in the money-market unfortunately so prevalent; the growing luxuriousness of habits, and desire of display, drawing every class of the community into the vortex of expenses which the regular returns of the various trades and professions of the time are unequal to support. The piece in question is brilliantly written, full of happy turns of expression, the plot good, and the intention excellent, as far as it goes, but it may fairly be objected that the logic of the play is directed rather against the dangers of pecuniary loss incurred by those who rashly dabble in these hazardous operations, than against the certainty of moral *solling* thence resulting. The public, however, despite its eagerness in the steeple-chase aforesaid, has chosen to regard this play, like the previous works of the same popular and well-intentioned author, as preaching a doctrine of "high morality," and has professed to be touched and edified accordingly. The Emperor, who, with the King of Wurtemberg, on his late visit to Paris, assisted at its first representation, applauded repeatedly with his own Imperial hands, and expressed his satisfaction in the most unequivocal manner during its progress; joining his voice with great good-will to the unanimous call of the audience for the author on the conclusion of the piece. This call, however, M. Ponsard, with a very praiseworthy sentiment of the dignity of authorship, could not be prevailed upon to obey; but contented himself with enjoying the fact of his success, without allowing himself to be dragged upon the stage to face the acclamations of the audience. The publication of the play in question has been followed by the reception of the following letter, addressed by the Emperor to the author, and just reproduced by the *Constitutionel* of this city.

"*Palace of St. Cloud, June 15, 1856.*

"Monsieur—You seem to have thought it your duty after the first appearance of *La Bourse*, to withdraw from the felicitations of the public, and from mine. The copy of your play, which you have this day sent to me, offers me an opportunity of addressing them to you, and I do so very willingly, for I was really rejoiced to hear you denounce with all the weight of your talent, and combat through the inspiration of the noblest sentiments, the fatal tendency of the day. I shall read your piece with the same pleasure with which I saw it played. Persevere, monsieur, as your fresh success encourages you to do, in this path of moral teaching, too rarely, perhaps, followed by those who write for the theatre, and so worthy, nevertheless, of authors who, like yourself, are called to win in this field a brilliant reputation.

"Believe me, &c., NAPOLEON."

The best thing about which communication is the fact that the Government is known to have a very pretty stroke of business at the period of the conversion of the Consolidated Funds, that the Count de Morny, the Emperor's brother, has contrived to gain upwards of four millions of dollars in the same way since the perpetration of the *Coup d'Etat*, and that not only the principal functionaries of the present *regime*, but the Emperor himself, have all been feathering their nests in the same great centre of *tripotages* and gambling.

A feat of jockeyism, said to be without rival in the annals of the sporting world, was accomplished on Saturday last, by Count Lancosme-Brèves, a noted member of the French turf, who, at one o'clock, P. M., trotted his famous racer, John Bull, *backwards*, from the Rond-point of the Champs Elysees to the foot of the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde. Beginning his difficult enterprise at a walk, and gradually forcing his horse to a brisk trot, the Count accomplished his wager without difficulty or drawback, the horse's pace being perfectly smooth, and the trotting so brisk, that the crowd of sportsmen and lookers-on, mounted and afoot, that had assembled to witness the feat, were obliged to trot also to keep up with him. The whole distance was accomplished in two minutes and thirty seconds, amid the acclamations of the crowd; and the Count was declared by the umpires to have triumphantly won his singular wager.

The Emperor of Russia has sent an aid-de-camp to present to the Emperor Napoleon a model of a new cannon he has just invented, and which has been adopted in the Russian Artillery. A very delicate attention on the part of one so lately his enemy!

QUANTUM.

Wealth of Boston and its Business.—The assessors' return of the wealth of Boston will probably show this year an aggregate property of nearly three hundred millions. This sum, divided among 160,000 people, would give nearly two thousand dollars to each inhabitant, and will show Boston to be much the wealthiest community in the United States, save New York alone, with four times its population. The value of the real estate in this city is increasing now with great rapidity, as at least four millions of dollars' worth of new houses and stores will be built this year. The personal estate in ships, cargoes, stocks, &c., is greatly increasing with each succeeding year, notwithstanding the many disasters and losses constantly occurring in such kinds of property.

It is impossible to get the exact earnings of the nearly six hundred thousand tons of shipping owned in this city. But perhaps it would not be much out of the way to set the total amount for 1855 at from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars. This sum has probably been earned by our fleet engaged in the domestic trade, and in commercial transactions with the East and West Indies, South America, the Pacific, Europe and Africa. The three sources from which the population of Boston is maintained, and its prosperity continued, are these:—Commerce, trade and manufactures. Its annual trade and sales of merchandise are said now by competent judges to amount to three hundred millions of goods per annum, and will soon greatly exceed that vast sum. The annual manufactures of this city are much more in amount than in many entire States in this Union. They amount, according to recent statistics, to nearly seventy-five millions of dollars. The foreign commerce of Boston, including imports and exports, is sixty millions. As a distributing mart Boston will probably for many years stand second only to New York among the Atlantic cities, as it enjoys facilities for the sale of imported and domestic goods greatly surpassing those of many other capitals, and is located in the centre of one of the greatest consuming districts in the United States.—*Traveller.*

The National Convention of Cigar Makers, which met in New York recently, summarily put down an attempt to introduce slavery discussion. They resolved to take earnest measures against Senator Jones' tariff bill. They also adopted resolutions tending to equalize the prices of cigars and tobacco, and looking to the assembling of an annual National Convention. They also propose memorializing Congress for a tariff bill laying a duty of 30 per cent. on all imported cigars, and admitting the unmanufactured article free. There were also resolutions offered to establish a Trade Union for the protection of journeymen cigar makers and the trade generally.

The Clergymen of New England.—A number of the Clergymen of Boston have sent out a letter to the clergy of Massachusetts, urging the influence of the church in Kansas affairs, and asking all ministers to collect church contributions for the aid of the suffering people in that territory. The most eminent names among the clergy of Boston, are appended to the letter, such as Lowell, Kirk, Vinton, Neale, Miner, Baron Stow, A. L. Stone, Hosea Ballou, and others of equal mark.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—On July 14th, the Senate considered and passed several private bills.

The bill amendatory of the act to promote the efficiency of the Navy was taken up, and a desultory discussion ensued on sundry amendments.

Mr. Toombs was proceeding to give his views at large, when Mr. Hunter inquired if he would yield to a motion to adjourn.

Mr. Toombs.—No, sir. I intend to speak on the subject, and when the Senators get tired of hearing me, they can go home. I hope, however, the reporters will keep their seats, for my speech is intended for the country as much as for the Senate. After I have spoken for three or four hours the Senator from Virginia can make his motion. Mr. Toombs proceeded to give the history of the rise and progress of the Navy, going back to the foundation of the Government.

Very few Senators remained in their seats, and there was much conversation going on in audible tones.

The Speaker several times called the Senate to order, when Mr. Toombs said, "The talking does not disturb me in the least. I am glad to hear Senators discussing the subject. It ought to be discussed on this floor, behind the bar, and all over the country." (Laughter.)

At a quarter past five o'clock, Mr. Crittenden obtained the floor, by leave of Mr. Toombs, and moved that the Senate adjourn, which was agreed to by two majority.

On July 15th, the Senate debated and passed the bill from the House, appropriating $30,000 for the construction of a road from Fort Ridgely, in Minnesota Territory to the South Fork of the Rocky Mountains, in Nebraska Territory.

The bill to amend the act to promote the efficiency of the Navy was then again taken up.

Mr. Toombs resumed, and concluded his remarks, condemning in the strongest terms the action of the late Navy Board.

Mr. Houston and others gave their views. The bill was then amended so as more effectually to accomplish the object of restoring, through a Court of Inquiry, such meritorious officers as may feel themselves aggrieved by the action of the Naval Board. Those reported on favorably to be re appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate.

The bill then passed—yeas 26, nays 11—as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Adams, Bayard, Bell of Tenn., Benjamin, Bigler, Brodhead, Brown, Butler, Clayton, Collamer, Dodge Iowa, Fessenden, Fish, Fitzpatrick, Foot, Foster, Iverson, James, Mallory, Pratt, Sebastian, Trumbull and Yulee—26.

Nays—Messrs. Bright, Douglas, Hale, Houston, Hunter, Jones of Tenn., Mason, Pugh, Stuart, Thompson of Ky., and Toombs—11.

On July 16th, Mr. Bayard, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a bill supplementary to the act amendatory of the several acts respecting copy-rights, approved Feb. 3rd, 1831.

Mr Seward hoped the bill would be immediately put upon its passage, as it was a measure of considerable importance. The bill was then passed.

The bill for the final adjudication of questions of title to swamp lands, between private claimants and Louisiana, passed finally.

Mr. Jones of Tenn., addressed the Senate at some length on the three million armament bill, contending that the appropriation was necessary to place the country in a proper state of defence. It was a peace, and not a war measure. There was not ammunition enough on the whole Pacific coast to fire ten rounds with the guns there; and in case of war there was not enough in the whole country to fire twenty-five rounds with all our guns.

The further consideration of the bill was then postponed till Monday.

On July 17th, Mr. Toombs introduced a joint resolution that the finding of the late Naval Board in the case of Lieut. Bartlett, was in violation of the rights guaranteed to every Citizen by the Constitution, and is therefore utterly void and of no effect.

Mr. Toombs said he should call up the resolution at the first convenient opportunity.

The Senate then went into Executive Session on the Navy appointments.

After some time, the doors were opened and the Senate adjourned.

On July 18th, the Senate, after passing the bill to repeal the law authorizing the erection of an armory in Washington, proceeded to the consideration of private bills.

The bill extending Obed Hussey's Patent for a reaping machine, was discussed and laid aside without coming to a vote.

The Senate then adjourned till Monday.

On July 21st, the bill was passed amendatory of the act of December, 1792, concerning the registering and recording of ships or vessels, the object being to make it conform to the present regulations of the Navy Department.

On motion of Mr. Hale, a resolution was adopted, calling on the President for information whether any instructions have been issued to any military officer in command in Kansas to disperse any unarmed meeting of the people of the Territory, or prevent, by the military power, any assemblage of the people of the Territory.

In the House of Representatives, on July 14th, Mr. Chapman asked that the resolution of the Senate fixing the day for an adjournment be considered.

Mr. Dunn said he would object till the Kansas question was settled.

Mr. Houston—Fix your own day.

Mr. Letcher preferred that the House should go on with the trial of one of its members.

Mr. Clingman moved to suspend the rules for the purpose of taking up the resolution. Lost, yeas 110; nays 91—(two-thirds being requisite.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, asked that the further consideration of the report of the Committee on the Sumner assault might be postponed till Wednesday, for the reason that the majority of the Committee have had developed to them some facts affecting one of the parties implicated, and they desired to consider the propriety of offering an amendment to the pending resolution. To this objection was made.

Mr. Meacham moved the previous question, which was agreed to.

Mr. Edmundson, by general consent, made a statement affecting himself, said he did not complain of the conclusions of the Committee as to the effect of his testimony, but objected to the grounds on which they proposed to censure him. While he had been interrogated on all points concerning his knowledge of the affair, was it not singular that the Committee did not serve a notice on him to appear in his own behalf? The Committee sought to censure him because, having been informed of the contemplated assault, he did not take the means to prevent it, or inform Senator Sumner of his danger. Now, he thought if any one was in danger, it was Mr. Brooks, who had only a walking-stick, while the report had gone out that Mr. Sumner was armed. He would have degraded himself if he had revealed what had been privately said to him by Mr. Brooks, and the condemnation of the House could produce no change in his mind on that point. If he was to be punished for not turning traitor to a friend, if degraded for this, then he was ready for his sentence. He had no idea of taking any part in the occurrence, unless some third party should attempt foul play on either side. In that event he would have adopted the Kentucky and Virginia doctrine, and insisted upon fair play. He was there to do justice or nothing. This was the only ground on which he was invited to be there, nor would he have been there on any other terms. The Committee, in their report, say that his conduct was reprehensible. That was an unjust word, and wounded his sensibilities. He said, in response to a question by Mr. Dunn, that the first intimation he had that the Committee designed censuring, was from the correspondent of a newspaper, and further, he would have satisfied the Committee, had he had an opportunity, that he would have interfered only in case of foul play.

Mr. Pennington said, so far as he was concerned, he was anxious that Mr. Edmundson should be heard before the Committee, but as the gentleman had made no such request, Mr. P. came to the conclusion that he had abandoned the desire.

Mr. Edmundson replied that it was too late for him to avail himself of that courtesy after the character of the report had been determined upon. As justice had been denied him in the first place, he preferred appealing to the House.

Mr. Orr desired to know whether Mr. Sumner's testimony was, on the evening of the same day it was taken, furnished to the newspaper press by the authority or connivance of the Committee.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, gave this an unequivocal and emphatic denial.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, corroborated this statement, saying that the testimony alluded to was not procured from any one connected with the Committee.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said Mr. Orr had made a charge which involved his integrity as a member, namely, that the Committee had sought, by this report, to make political capital.

Mr. Orr then replied, that he did not impugn the motives of the gentleman or his associates, but the report itself looked as if they had gone into the investigation to make Presidential capital. He stated expressly, that he did not intend to reflect personally on the gentleman.

Mr. Campbell expressed himself satisfied. He said that up to the morning he had not only been willing, but anxious that gentlemen implicated in this transaction should present facts. He argued that the real question involved strikes at the very existence of the Government, whether the people shall have the power to govern, or whether the Constitution and laws shall be on one side, and the freedom of the subject on the other.

The House then voted on Mr. English's substitute, that the House declares its disapprobation of the assault on Senator Sumner, and deems this a fit occasion to express its disapprobation of the use of language in debate personally offensive to individual members of Congress or States of the Union, and it was rejected. Yeas 35, nays 174.

The substitute of the minority of the Committee for the resolutions reported by the majority, viz., that the House has no jurisdiction over the assault committed by Mr. Brooks upon Senator Sumner, and therefore deem it improper to express any opinion on the subject, was voted on and rejected. Yeas 66, nays 145.

The House then voted on the resolution of the majority, declaring that Preston S. Brooks be and is forthwith expelled from this House as a Representative from the State of South Carolina. The vote resulted as follows: Yeas 121, nays 95.

Yeas—Messrs. Albright, Allison, Ball, Barbour, Bennett, of N. Y., Benson, Billinghurst, Bingham, Bishop, Bliss, Bradshaw, Brenton, Brooks, Burlington, Burlingame, Campbell, of Pa., Campbell, of Ohio, Chaffee, Clarke, of N. Y., Clark, of Conn., Clawson, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cragin, Cumback, Damrell, Davis, of Mass., Dean, De Witt, Dick, Dickson, Dodd, Dunn, Durfee, Edie, Edwards, Emrie, Galloway, Giddings, Gilbert, Granger, Grow, Hall, of Mass., Harlan, Haven, Hickman, Hoffman, Holloway, Horton, of N. Y., Horton, of Ohio, Howard, Hughston, Kelsey, Knapp, Knight, Knowlton, Knox, Kunkle, Leiter, Matteson, McCarty, Meacham, Miller, N. Y., Millward, Moore, Morgan, Morrill, Matt. Murray, Nichols, Norton, Oliver, N. Y., Parker, Parker, Pearce, Peck, Pelton, Pennington, Perry, Pettit, Pike, Pringle, Purviance, Ritchie, Robbins, Roberts, Robinson, Sabin, Sage, Sapp, Scott, Sherman, Simmons, Spinner, Stanton, Strausshan, Tappan, Thorington, Tompkins, Todd, Trafton, Tyson, Vail, Wade, Waterman, Walbridge, Waldron, Washburne, Mass., Washburne, Ill., Washburne, Me., Watson, Welch, Wells, Whitney, Williams, Wood, Woodruff, Woodworth.

Nays—Messrs. Aiken, Allen, Barksdale, Bell, Bennet, of Miss., Borock, Bowie, Boyce, Branch, Burnett, Cadwallader, Carlile, Caskie, Clingman, Cobb, of Ga., Cobb, of Ala., Cox, Craige, Crawford, Davidson, Davis, of Md., Denver, Dowdell, Edmundson, Elliott, English, Etheridge, Evans, Evans, Faulkner, Florence, Foster, Goode, Greenwood, Hall of Iowa, Harris, of Md., Harris, of Ala., Harris, of Ill, Harrison, Houston, Jewett, Jones, of Tenn., Jones, of Pa., Kelt, Kelly, Kennett, Kidwell, Lake, Letcher, Lindley, Lumpkin, Mace, Marshall, of Ky., Marshall of Ill., Maxwell, McMullen, McQueen, Miller, of Ind., Millson, Oliver, of Mo., Orr, Phelps, Porter, Powell, Puryear, Quitman, Reade, Ready, Rivers, Ruffin, Rust, Sandidge, Savage, Seward, Smith, of Tenn., Smith, of Va., Smith, of Ala., Sned, Stephens, Stewart, Swope, Talbott, Taylor, Trippe, Underwood, Walker, Warner, Watkins, Wheeler, Winslow, Wright, of Miss., Wright, of Tenn., Zollicoffer.

The Speaker said "the House has refused to agree to the resolution, there not being two-thirds in its favor, as required by the Constitution in such cases."

Mr. Brooks rose to a question of privilege, saying that he had felt that the rights of his constituents and the rights of members had been violated by the action of the House.

Mr. Giddings—I wish to know what the question of privilege is.

Mr. Brooks—I will state it.

Mr. Dunn—I ask that by unanimous consent the gentleman from South Carolina be heard.

Mr. Giddings—For one I shall give no such consent. I object to anything out of order from that gentleman.

The Speaker—The gentleman from South Carolina states that he rises to a privileged question.

Mr. Dunn—I trust the House will entertain a motion for the suspension of the rules.

Mr. Nichols—Delicacy may have prevented the gentleman from speaking heretofore, and it is proper he should be heard now. I protest, in the name of truth and justice, against keeping him silent, if he desires to speak.

Mr. Eustis—It would be a gross violation of courtesy and decency to deprive him of his privilege.

Mr. Florence—The gentleman from South Carolina had risen, and was stating his question without objection. It was not in order for Mr. Giddings to object to his proceeding.

The Speaker—It was competent for the gentleman from Ohio to raise the question of order.

Mr. Giddings—We have voted and did our duty, and ought not to listen to a speech out of order.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, earnestly appealed to Mr. Giddings to withdraw his objection. Mr. Brooks ought to be heard, as he was vitally interested.

Mr. Comins likewise appealed to Mr. Giddings to withdraw his objection, and Mr. Giddings yielded only on the ground of satisfying his friends.

The members crowded in the neighborhood of Mr. Brooks, and the spectators, intensely interested, leaned over the galleries to hear him.

Mr. Brooks said that Mr. Sumner had uttered a slander on his State and a venerable relative, who at the time was absent; and not content with this, he published the libel on his State and blood. Whoever insulted South Carolina insulted him; he stood ready at all times, humbly and modestly, as a son, to perform his duty. He should have forfeited his self-respect, and the good opinion of his countrymen, if he had permitted the offence to pass unpunished. It was a personal affair, and in taking the redress into his own hands he meant no disrespect to the Senate or House, nor did he mean any disrespect to Massachusetts. He was aware of the personal responsibility he incurred, and was prepared to meet it. He knew he was amenable to the laws, which offered the same protection to every citizen, whether a member of Congress or in the private walks of life. He did not then believe that he could be punished by a court of law and here by a majority of the House at the same time.

If he had committed a breach of privilege, he was answerable to the Senate, which had no right to present him to the House for punishment. The question not only involved him and his friends, but the whole House. If the consequences were confined to himself, he would be prepared to meet them here or elsewhere. Others, however, must not suffer for him. He had felt more for his friends, Mr. Edmundson and Mr. Keitt, than for himself. They are blameless. Each has proved a friend, that sticketh closer than a brother. When (he remarked) the people of the great North speak of me as a bad man, they will do me the justice to say, that a blow from me at this time would be followed by a revolution, and they know it. (Applause, seemingly confined to the galleries.) But no act of mine shall favor the revolution. I am not willing to see the Constitution wounded through me. He would say to the House, that the axe uplifted over him may fall on them. He had only to say, that he could not retain his seat consistently with his self-respect, and his rights under the Constitution.

During this very session, a member from Pennsylvania charged a colleague with an attempt at bribery. Where were the proceedings in that case? By passing it by silently the House had declared that bribery is excusable, but simple assault and battery is not. He spoke of Massachusetts as being in rebellion against the laws and constitution of the United States, while sitting on him, and demanding his expulsion without a hearing. He had never been called to order, nor had he offended any officers, yet a vote had been taken to-day, transmitting him to posterity as unworthy a seat here because of disorderly behaviour, and in this connection he spoke of Mr. Pennington as the prosecutor, the false-like member, for which the Speaker called him to order.

Mr. Brooks said Mr. Pennington charged the assault as murderous, and that with a bludgeon I had attempted to kill Mr. Sumner. My friend from Massachusetts, over there, has a pretty good sized stick, I would thank him to raise it and submit it to the inspection of the gentleman from New Jersey.

Mr. De Witt, the gentleman alluded to, held up his stick for a moment. (Laughter.)

Mr. Brooks—Now that stick is double the size of the one used by me. (Laughter.)

Mr. Trafton here rose, and asked that the disorder in the galleries be quieted, and that they be cleared. (Hisses from the galleries.)

The Speaker said that if the disturbance was repeated, he would give that order.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee—Why I don't hear any up there just now.

Mr. Brooks, looking up.—If I have any friends in the galleries, I appeal to them to be quiet. If I desired to kill the Senator from Massachusetts, why did'nt I do it? You all admit that I had it in my power. Let me tell the gentlemen from New Jersey that, expressly to prevent the taking of life, I took an ordinary cane, presented to me by a friend in Baltimore; I went to the Senate deliberately; I hesitated whether I should use a horsewhip or a cowhide; knowing the strength of the Senator to be superior to mine, I thought he might wrest it from me. If he had, I might have done what I should have regretted for the remainder of my life.

A Voice—He could have killed him.

Ten days ago, foreseeing what the action of the House would be, my resignation was put into the hands of the Governor of South Carolina.

Mr. Brooks replied to several members who had said hard things of him; including Mr. Comins, quoting his remark, that Massachusetts would take her own time for the remedy; but he would never plead the statute of limitations against the wrath of that State. He quoted from Mr. Woodruff's speech, as strongly condemnatory of his conduct, saying that he thought that the gentleman uttering such sentiments was a foeman unworthy of his steel, and related, in the language of his friend Col. Savage, how Mr. Woodruff had declined meeting Mr. Brooks in the manner recognized by gentlemen. [The narration occasioned laughter.]

He then said to Mr. Woodruff, "Go, little wretch! there is room enough in this world for you and me." In his judgment, the cock that crows and will not fight, is despised even by the hens and pullets. [Laughter.] Alluding to the remark of James Watson Webb, which had been quoted, that the act of the assault deserved death, he said if those who endorsed that sentiment wished to play the game of chivalry, let them, with the whole Republican crew, come and take the life they say is forfeited. If his opponents were satisfied with the present state of the case, he was. He returned his thanks to his friends, especially the good Northern Democrats and gentlemen who had the manhood to stand by him, not forgetting John Scott Harrison. Some gentlemen, he believed, had voted against him contrary to their wishes, but were operated upon by outside pressure, and he spoke in commendation of those who gave their votes without indulging in villification. He concluded by saying, Mr. Speaker, I announce to you and the House, I am no longer a member of the thirty-fourth Congress. [A scene of confusion ensued, and amid a storm of applause and hisses, Mr. Brooks retired. A long time ensued before order was restored.]

Mr. Caruthers said that if he had been present he should have voted against the expulsion, believing that no offence to the House had been committed.

The resolution of the Committee, declaring disapprobation of the conduct of Messrs. Edmundson and Keitt, was taken up.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, desired a division of the question, but the Speaker said it could not be divided.

A motion to table the resolution was rejected—yeas 86, nays 111, and, pending the question, the House adjourned.

On July 15th, the House resumed the consideration of the resolution of the Committee on the Sumner assault, expressing disapprobation of the conduct of Messrs. Edmundson and Keitt, in connection therewith.

An ineffectual effort was made to have the vote taken on the case of each separately, and in consequence of this failure the resolution was rejected—yeas 70, nays 125.

On motion of Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, the vote was reconsidered, when he offered a substitute for the resolution, so as to enable the House to pass on Mr. Edmundson and Mr. Keitt separately. He said if Mr. Keitt wished to be heard, he should not insist on the previous question.

Mr. Millson appealed unsuccessfully to Mr. Campbell to withdraw the motion, wishing to occupy a few minutes in the discussion of the new aspect of the question.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, replied that if he should yield the floor to the gentleman from Virginia, he must necessarily give way to others. The subject has been discussed in all its aspects. The substitute did not change the principle of the original proposition. Too much time had already been consumed. The session was far advanced, and the business of the House not transacted. He therefore insisted on the previous question.

Mr. Letcher wished to say that in the new aspect of the case, the effort thus made to cut off debate, was very far from courteous.

Mr Dunn called attention to the wording of the substitute. The House was called upon to declare its disapprobation of "said act" of Messrs. Keitt and Edmundson. He wanted to know to what the words "said act" had reference.

The Speaker replied that it was explained in the preamble, which was yet to be acted upon.

By request, the preamble from the report of the Committee was read, setting forth the facts connected with the assault, and concluding with the assertion, "that it appears, from the investigation, that Messrs. Keitt and Edmundson, some time previous to the assault, were informed of the purpose of Mr. Brooks to commit violence on Mr. Sumner, for words used in debate, and took no measures to discourage or prevent the same; but on the contrary, anticipating the assault, were present on one or more occasions to witness it."

Under the operation of the previous question, the resolution censuring Mr. Keitt was adopted—yeas 106, nays 98.

The resolution censuring Mr. Edmundson was rejected—yeas 60, nays 130.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, moved an amendment to the preamble, to make it further appear that Mr. Keitt attempted to prevent an officer of the Senate and others from interfering to prevent a continuance of the blows on Mr. Sumner.

Mr. Dunn accepted to this amendment. The original preamble presented Mr. Keitt as a witness, and nothing more, and on this ground the resolution was predicated.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, to remove Mr. Dunn's objection, moved an amendment to the preamble—by simply striking out Mr. Edmundson's name, letting Mr. Keitt's stand.

The preamble was then adopted—yeas, 104; nays 83.

Mr. Keitt said he should ask the House to-morrow to hear him on some matters. He should endeavor not to violate parliamentary propriety—he felt quite sure he would not. The House then adjourned.

On July 16th, Mr. Keitt said that it was not his purpose to widen any breach or exasperate the feelings of any one. He much preferred the opposite course. He vindicated South Carolina from the charges against her conduct during the war of the Revolution, saying that throughout that period there was not a single private from Massachusetts in that State. He vividly depicted the sufferings and patriotism of the Carolinians, and contended that the exploits of the Massachusetts men in that struggle had been greatly exaggerated.

After speaking in disparagement of Massachusetts, and in no very complimentary terms of Mr. Burlingame's sentiments and rhetoric, he said he was in the Senate when the assault was committed. He knew it would take place, unless Mr. Sumner should make an explanation or an apology, but he repeated that he knew not the time when nor the place where the assault would be made. He did not anticipate it would be in the Senate Chamber.

The Northern papers had attempted to establish complicity on his part, charging it as a slave-holding act, and had attempted to fix the responsibility on South Carolina. Those who wish to drag in the dust the garments of their State, might do it. He certainly should not the mantle of his own. But it appeared that his offence was that did not turn informer, a character which he branded as infamous. He could never violate the confidence reposed in him even by his bitterest enemy, against the best friend he had. Was he to inform in favor of a man who had made false charges against South Carolina, and slandered a distinguished Senator, a relative of his late colleague (Mr. Brooks.) For the individual opinion of the House he cared nothing, but he did care for the opinion of the House, officially expressed. He represented men who live on the battle plains which had been defamed by Mr. Sumner, and therefore he was sensitive. He had already sent his resignation to the Governor of South Carolina, to take effect from to-day, and announced that he was no longer a member of this Congress. [Applause in the galleries, followed by cries of "Order," from below.]

The friends of Mr. Keitt crowded around him, shaking hands with him, and in the confusion he retired.

The House then took up the resolutions of the Committee on Elections, that J. C. Allen was not, and that Wm. B. Archer was, elected a representative from Illinois, and entitled to his seat.

Mr. Washburne, of Me., advocated the resolutions.

Mr. Allen, the sitting member, replied in his own defence. Adjourned.

On July 17th, the House resumed the consideration of the resolutions reported from the Committee on Elections, declaring Mr. Archer, instead of Mr. Allen, elected from the Seventh Congressional District of Illinois.

The majority of the Committee say, in their report, that Mr. Archer is elected by two majority. The minority claim that Mr. Allen is elected by one majority.

The subject was debated at considerable length, and, without a vote, the House adjourned.

On July 18th, the House resumed the consideration of the Illinois contested election case.

Mr. Archer, the contestant, addressed the House in behalf of his right to a seat.

After considerable further debate, the resolution that Mr. Allen was not entitled to his seat, was adopted—yeas 94, nays 90.

The resolution that Mr. Archer was entitled to a seat was then rejected—yeas 89, nays 91.

An effort was made to reconsider the last vote, but it was disagreed to by four majority.

Resolutions were then offered and adopted, declaring that a vacancy exists in the Seventh Congressional District of Illinois, referring the election back to the people, and allowing Mr. Archer, the contestant, mileage and per diem pay to date.

On July 19th, a large number of private bills were reported from the Standing Committees.

One bill passed and another was debated till the adjournment.

On July 21st, the House proceeded to the consideration of the Nebraska contested election case, the Committee on Elections reporting that Bird B. Chapman was not, and that Ilram P. Dennett was elected delegate.

Shakspeare's House in a Glass Case.—Shakspeare's house, it would seem, is to have a Crystal Palace to itself. During the year of the Great Exhibition, 1851, an idea was first started of enclosing the house in which Shakspeare is reputed to have been born, in a large structure of glass, isolating it at the same time from the surrounding buildings, by removing them, in order to ensure its preservation from fire, even as the former arrangement was calculated to protect it from the effects of the weather. This proposal fell in the ground; but within these few weeks, a certain Mr. John Shakspeare, who claims relationship with the family of the immortal bard, has been in Stratford making inquiries and arrangements preparatory to carrying out a similar plan. The sum he intends to spend in thus gratifying his feelings is about three thousand pounds; and Sir Joseph Paxton and Messrs. Fox and Henderson are to be consulted as to the details.

President Pierce and the California Vigilance Committee.—The Secretary of State has addressed a letter to the Governor of California, informing him that the Federal Government cannot interfere against the Vigilance Committee until requested by the Legislature of California, or until that body shall be unable to act in consequence of the insurrection. This is understood to be in accordance with an opinion given by the Attorney General. The Administration, however, sympathises with the Governor against the Vigilance Committee.

Messrs. Brooks and Burlingame.—The National Intelligencer, of the 21st.,

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

"The Sworded" and "The Swordless."

There are, literally speaking, but two classes in Japan—those who wear swords and those who do not wear swords. The sword, with these people, is the exponent of station and command, and a Japanese official would as soon think of receiving a foreigner without his clothes as without that emblem of his high blood and claim to respect.

The "sworded" class consists of the spiritual and temporal Emperors, of all males of royal blood, the nobility in general, the Governors of provinces, the officers of the sole-to-exist army, and all males joined to any of the above by the tie of consanguinity. And they compose about a fourth or fifth (according to our observation) of the entire population of Nipon, and are, according to the same observation, the most arrant cowards under the face of the sun. One becomes lost in the vain search for their object in wearing weapons without the spirit to draw them, or the ability to use them for either offence or defence when drawn.

I have been more than once a laughing spectator of demonstrations of this fact. The first scene of one kind that happened to us, I described in a previous letter, headed "A Day's Stroll in Japan," and now I come to our *second*, which was undertaken with even more nerve and energy than the first, simply from the fact that we *now* felt convinced that there would be no fighting, whereas in the *first* attempt no one knew but what they might be "catching a Tartar," instead of kicking a Japanese. But to relate this second scene.

Two of us had started upon another walk back into the country from Simoda, and being followed by three of these officers with their two swords at their side, we began to revolve in our minds the possibility of dodging them, and enjoying our walk among the country people without the drawback of their constant interference. But we found this no easy matter. If we separated, they separated. If we stopped, they stopped. If we engaged any of the smiling countrymen* in a conversation of signs and gestures, they would hurriedly join us, and drive them away. In short, they turned our walk into a bore instead of a pleasure, and all the while scowled upon us as if we were stirring up the lower class to revolt against *their* protected Order.

At last, we retraced our way considerably, and hunted up one of the interpreters—Ta-cho-nos-ki by name—to whom we related our annoyance, and applied for relief. In the meantime, the sworded gentlemen joined us, and even his eye fell before their lowering frowns. We saw at once that no help could be expected from Ta-cho-nos-ki, and so went about on the other tack, and spoke as follows:

"Why do these officers follow us as if we were Dutchmen in Nan-ga-sa-ki, instead of being Americans in Simoda?"

"I not know. I a'pose he maky see."

"Yes, I a'pose he does maky see," replied my companion, "and I'll just tell you what it is: You heard the Governor say, the other day, at the powwow, that it was *against the Treaty* to be spied after in this way, and that it *should be put a stop to*. Now, just tell those fellows, that big one in particular, that if they follow us any more, *I'll break my stick over one of their heads!*"

Saying which, he knocked down an imaginary offender, laid his stick lightly on the head of the most scowling one of the party, winked at him, as much as to say, "Now, you know what you have to expect;" and taking my arm, hauled me back upon our former road.

Ta-cho-nos-ki was now in a most unpleasant situation, for, from the manner in which he had saluted him, the "head man" of the three was evidently his superior, and those interpreters could never be prevailed upon—so we always thought—to interpret unpleasant pieces of information to said superiors. What if was that they *would* interpret, we of course had no way of getting at, but by watching the countenances of the listeners, we had fair ground for concluding that they always deprived messages of their *point*, thus making us appear in the light, doubtless, of very silly speakers. In this particular case, I don't suppose he told them much of anything, for, without waiting to listen, they turned in their tracks, and followed us as before.

"I declare, it's too bad!" exclaimed my friend, as he looked back. "Now, as long as those fellows follow us, we shan't see a pretty girl, or have a moment's peace. We must rig some purchase to rid ourselves of their company; I don't exactly like the idea of breaking my stick over their heads, and yet they only laugh at mild measures."

"Suppose we give one of them a respectable poke under the fifth rib, and a healthy kick amidships as the poke turns him around?" I suggested. "If they run, it will be all right, and if they show fight, we can but retire gracefully under the shadow of our revolvers."

"Good!" was the reply. "And now I'll just stand by to give the big fellow one of Tom Hyer's cockdolagers and a mule's kick, the first time he drives away any more people."

So we walked on through the beautiful country, stopping every now and then to examine some rare plant or protruding fossil, and feeling our blood bound with old-fashioned activity under the influence of the cool morning air that worked its rustling way through the dense foliage of the ripening spring.

Sometimes we would pass countrymen driving along their half dozen pack-horses, shod with sockets of plaited grass, and loaded with dried fish or cured sea-weed, for the market of Simoda. These men, though far from tall, as a general rule, exhibited a fair development of muscle, and carried themselves with a manly air. They would pass us with a good-natured "ohio!" (good morning,) and polite inclination of the head, and turn to watch our receding forms with innocent curiosity, until they became aware of the presence of the officers, when their manner would suddenly change to that of cringing humility. Down would go their heads almost to the ground, and there they would remain until their disdainful superiors had passed. What had now become of their "manly air?"

Sometimes again we would pass market-women of all ages, from the decrepid old crone down to the girl of ten or twelve years, all journeying in the same direction. As a general thing, these would be frightened at our approach, but soon becoming reconciled, would evince the usual curiosity in regard to our apparel, watches, knives, &c., until the officers would suddenly heave in sight, and then such a scene of confusion as would ensue—a hurried resumption of bundles or baskets, frowns instead of smiles, turning away of the heads instead of timid advances, and in short, a general affectation of having discouraged all advances on our part, of having done their best to avoid us. They too would pass the officers with downcast eyes, in fear and trembling, just like so many children detected in a forbidden occupation or amusement.

Finally, we arrived at a tavern, (or tea house, as the Japanese call them,) and being now quite sick of their company, seated ourselves upon the edge of the matting and quietly awaited their arrival, firmly determed to try the virtue of stones, since clods were found to be of no avail.

We were no sooner seated, than the Publican, his wife, and a number of travellers, gathered around us curiously and yet with perfect respect, but as soon as we pointed down the road to our followers, their whole manner changed at once, and we were again deserted. The host himself pretended to be attending to the demands of the wayfarers, while the latter doubtless bought simply to save appearances. These people also received the officers with bowed heads, and began to move off as soon as practicable.

My companion was now evidently worked up to the "kicking" pitch, and as the big fellow neared us with his everlasting scowl, and made signs for us to get up and move ahead, he slowly lifted his powerful frame, and handed me his stick.

"Let me hold your *hat*, too," I remarked, laughingly—as he took the big fellow by his shoulders before he could avoid him, turned him slowly around, and while he actually writhed under the pain of his nervous grasp, and gave him a kick that really seemed to possess the momentum of a mule.

"Now travel!" he exclaimed, as he approached the other two who had handled their sword-hilts with a gesture of insulted dignity.

And they *did* travel, faster even than their mate bulks companion, whose unlooked for acceleration had for the time being given him the start. Their swords were now only in their way, as with the left hand devoted to them, and the right to their flowing garments, they crowded all sail back for Simoda.

We watched their uneven flight until they had rounded a turn in the road, and then giving free vent to our laughter walked as far back as the turn to see if they had halted. But although a stretch of more than a hundred yards was open to our view, they were no where to be seen. They had evidently given up all idea of following us any farther that day.

We rubbed our hands with real delight, and returned to the tea-house, where we were received by the now excited landlord and laughing populace with the liveliest demonstrations of satisfaction. The former even went so far as to pat my warlike companion on his broad shoulders, and intimate by signs that it was a great pity that he couldn't have got a kick at the other two also. They were evidently rejoiced at what had taken place, and yet had one of the officers suddenly appeared around the turn of the road, they would in all probability have acted just as they did at first.

Having thus relieved ourselves of our noble companions, we now passed a quiet hour with our plebeian friends, and then continued our now unmolested walk. Our conversation with said "scum of the earth," (as the officers call all of the swordless class,) was necessarily carried on by the usual signs, grimaces, &c., sprinkled here and there by a few words which we knew by heart, or had written on paper—and yet one would be astonished to see how well people can often get along in that way. Among other things, we had no difficulty in comprehending the following pieces of information:—

"We are very glad that you kicked him, but had one of us done so, his head would have been cut off."

"*We* work, and *they* walk around. *We* have to give them money to buy food with."

"*We* would like very much to know all about you, to buy and sell with you, but *they* won't let us."

"We cannot do what the officers do not want us to," &c., &c.

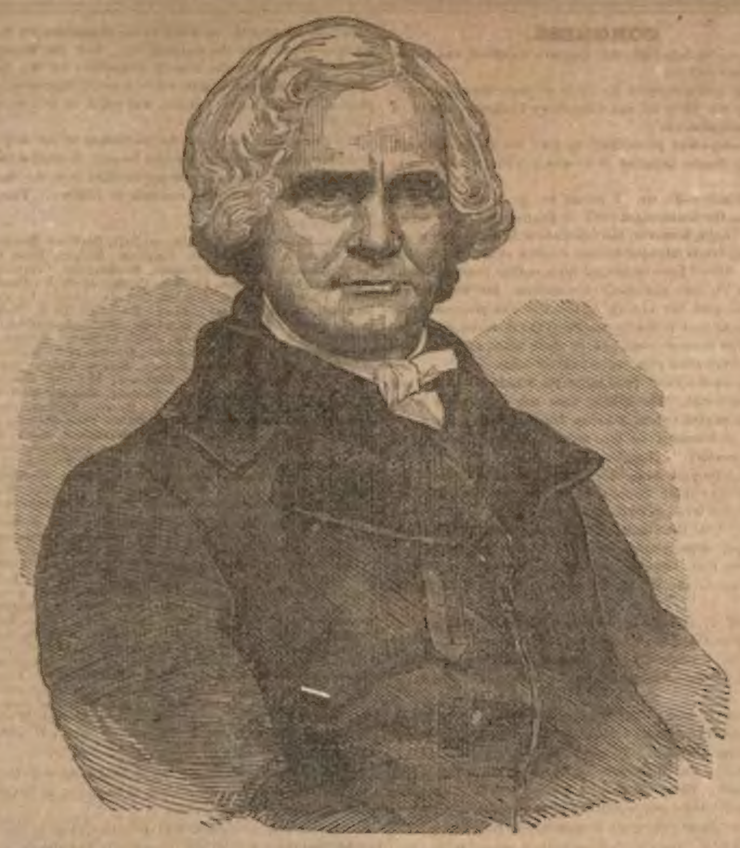
Now, from the above, and various other remarks—which I do not remember—we could not but conclude that the *people* of Japan are as ripe for revolt as the most violent filibuster could desire, while at the same time we were forced to acknowledge that *they were kept under* more effectually than any nation under the sun. Probably a latent inclination to revolt among the masses, first gave rise to extreme severity on the part of their rulers, as a precautionary measure. In speaking of the masses, I include merchants, (many of whom are worth more money than many of the nobles,) farmers, priests, artizans of every description, tailors, sailors, fishermen, publicans, and in short, everybody in Japan whose birth or services to the state have not given him the right of wearing two swords stuck through his sash. So much for "the sworded and the swordless," for high and low life in the much talked of Empire of Japan.

* Those Japanese in the immediate vicinity of Simoda had by this time seen enough of us to dispel most of their fears.

The World in Arms Against Tobacco.

Modern lovers of the pipe seldom think of the worthies to whom they are indebted for its free enjoyment; and of those who delight in nasal aliment, how few ever call to mind the Diocletian persecutions their predecessors passed through for adhering to their faith in, and transferring to their descendants the virtues of tobacco. Europe frowned and Asia threatened. Pagan, Mohammedan, and Christian monarchs combined to crush them. James I., foaming with rage, sent forth his "Counterblast;" the half savage ruler of the Muscovites followed suit; the King of Persia, Amurath IV. of Turkey, the Emperor Jehan Geer, and others, joined the crusade. They denounced death to all found inhaling the fumes of the plant through a tube, or caught with a pellet of it under their tongues. Those who used it as a sternutative only were to be deprived of their noses. To perfect the miseries of the delinquents, Urban VIII. went in state to the Vatican, where, tremulous with holy anger, he shook his garments, to intimate that the blood of the offenders would be on their own heads, and then thundered excommunication on every soul who took the accursed thing in any shape into a church. Loss of life for lighting a pipe! Mutilation for taking a pinch! Tortures here, and endless torments hereafter, for a whiff or quid of tobacco! One wonders how the snuffers managed to pass through the fire unscathed, or even to escape annihilation; yet most of them did escape, and they did more, they converted the Nebuchadnezzars who sought to consume them.

The modes adopted to exterminate the plant increased the demand for it, till it was sought for with an avidity that no penal enactments could suppress. Royal and sacerdotal clamour had raised its consumption ten thousand fold. The tide turned, and all began to praise the magic leaf. Ladies joined their lords in smoking after meals; boys carried pipes in their satchels to school, and at a certain hour pedagogues and pupils whiffed together. Not a bad subject for a painter. Mothers in the sixteenth century filled their son's pipes early in the morning, to serve them instead of breakfast. People went to bed with cigars or pipes in their mouths, and rose in the night to light them. All classes became consumers; even priests were not excepted, provided they refrained till after mass. To accommodate travellers, poor and transient persons, *fabagies*, or smoking houses, were licensed on the Continent, in every marine and inland town, where sailors and itinerants could, on moderate terms, be made happy, either by inhaling the vapour of the popular stimulant, or tickling their nasal membranes with it. The ambitious sought fame by associating themselves with the introduction of the plant and its cultivation; hence we find it named after cardinals, legates, and ambassadors, while, in compliment to Catharine de Medicis, it was called "the Queen's herb." Kings now rushed into the tobacco trade. Those of Spain took the lead, and became the largest manufacturers of snuff and cigars in Christendom. The royal workshops in Seville are still the most extensive in Europe. Other monarchs monopolised the business in their dominions, and all began to reap enormous profits from it, as most do at this day. Much has been written on a revolution so unique in its origin, unsurpassed in incidents and results, and constituting one of the most singular episodes in human history, but next to nothing is recorded of whence the various processes of manufacture and uses were derived. Some imagine the popular pabulum for the nose of transatlantic origin; no such thing. Columbus first beheld smokers in the Antilles, Pizarro found chewers in Peru, but it was in the country discovered by Cabral that the great sternutatory was originally found. Brazilian Indians were the fathers of snuff, and its best fabricators. Though counted among the least refined of aborigines, their taste in this matter was as pure as that of the fashionable world of the East. Their snuff has never been surpassed, nor their apparatus for making it.—*Eurbank's Sketches of Life in Brazil.*



HON. G. M. DALLAS, U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

[The following sketch of Mr. Dallas is from a London illustrated paper:]

"One day, when Mr. Buchanan was on the eve of departure, there landed on the quay at Liverpool, from one of the gigantic steamers ever and anon arriving at that busy gateway of our commerce, from the other side of the Atlantic, a personage of sixty-four or thereabouts, whose presence excited considerable interest. Doubtless, this stranger appeared a plain, unassuming enough individual, with white hair, a form of the middle height, an erect carriage, and an affable manner. But then it became known that he was the new Minister accredited by the United States of America to the Court of St. James's, and everybody began to regard him with curiosity, and to wonder whether he brought in his pocket instructions so pacific, respecting the pending controversy, as would, in case of their being met in the same spirit by Lord Palmerston and his colleagues, have the effect of speedily settling the differences that have unhappily arisen between the two countries.

"George Mifflin Dallas was, we learn, born at Philadelphia on the 10th of July, 1792; and having received his early education in that place, graduated with high honors at Princeton College, in 1810. His father, it seems, had been District Attorney of Pennsylvania, under Jefferson, and, at a later period, Secretary of the Treasury, under Madison; and Dallas the younger, having commenced the study of law in his father's office, was in due time admitted to the American Bar.

"Mr. Dallas, having reached this stage of his career, and being no doubt desirous to see something of the world, accompanied Mr. Gallatin to Russia as private secretary, when that gentleman was member of a commission appointed to negotiate a peace under the mediation of the Czar Alexander. Mr. Dallas then took the opportunity of making himself acquainted with European countries and visited France, England, Holland, and the Netherlands. Returning to the United States, he commenced practising as a lawyer. In 1817, he was nominated deputy of the Attorney General of Philadelphia; and in 1829, having meantime been elected Mayor of Philadelphia, he was appointed to the office of District Attorney, which, as we have stated, his father had held.

"Mr. Dallas, having early taken a deep interest in politics, soon rendered himself one of the leading men among the Democratic party in his native State; and in 1831, having been elected to fill a vacancy which occurred in the representation of Pennsylvania in the Senate of the United States, he began to take a prominent part in the stormy debates of which that assembly was the scene. On the expiration of his term in 1833, he declined re-election, and resumed the pursuit of his professional avocations.

"A year or two passed over; and in 1837, Mr. Dallas was accredited as American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and continued to occupy that distinguished position till 1839, when he returned home, and once more devoted himself to his professional pursuits. However, in 1844, he was again tempted from his law-books on being elected Vice-President of the United States, an office which he continued to fill till the elevation of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency.

"Since the arrival of Mr. Dallas in this country as American Ambassador, he has exercised his functions in such a manner as to inspire our public men with respect, and the Government of the United States with such confidence in his discretion, that he has been fully empowered to adjust and settle the Central American question. Such being the case, Lord John Russell, on Monday evening, bore witness to his qualifications for the task. 'If,' said the noble lord, 'negotiations are to be carried on, I cannot think they could be better carried on than by Mr. Dallas, who is a gentleman universally respected, and who, during his short time here, has gained the good-will of all classes of people.'"

THE STREET OF BY-AND-BYE.

BY MRS. ABBY.

"By the street of 'By-and-bye' one arrives at the house of 'Never.'"—*Old Saying.*

Oh, shun the spot, my youthful friends, I urge you to beware!
Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly breathes the air;
Yet none have ever passed to scenes so noble, great, and high,
Who once began to linger in the street of By-and-bye.

How varied are the images arising to my sight,
Of those who wished to shun the wrong, who loved and prized the right!
Yet from the silken bonds of sloth they vainly strove to fly,
Which held them gently prisoned in the street of By-and-bye.

A youth aspired to climb the height of Learning's lofty hill;
What dimmed his bright intelligence—what quelled his earnest will?
Why did the object of his quest still mock his wistful eye?—
Too long, alas! he tarried in the street of By-and-bye.

"My projects thrive," the merchant said; "when doubled is my store,
How freely shall my ready gold be showered among the poor!"
Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the mourner's tear to dry;
He never journeyed onward from the street of By-and-bye!

"Forgive thy erring brother, he has wept and suffered long:"
I said to one, who answered—"He hath done me grievous wrong;
Yet will I seek my brother, and forgive him, ere I die:"
Alas! Death shortly found him in the street of By-and-bye.

The wearied worldling muses upon lost and wasted days,
Resolved to turn hereafter from the error of his ways;
To lift his grovelling thoughts from earth, and fix them on the sky;
Why does he linger fondly in the street of By-and-bye?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends; work on while yet you may;
Let not old age o'ertake you as you slothfully delay,
Lest you should gaze around you, and discover, with a sigh,
You have reached the house of "Never" by the street of By-and-bye!

—*Ladies' Companion.*

Swords of the Olden Time.—Hewitt, in his work on "Ancient Armor," speaks of a sword named "Memung," that was forged by Weland, and used by him in a trial of skill with another celebrated weapon-maker, named Amilias. "Weland," says Hewitt, "first made a sword with which he cut a thread of wool lying on the water. But not content with this, he re-forged the blade, which then cut through the whole ball of floating wool—Still dissatisfied, he again passed it through the fire, and at length produced so keen a weapon that it divided a whole bundle of wool floating in water.—Amilias, on his part, forged a suit of armor, so much to his own satisfaction that, sitting down on a stool, he bade Weland try his weapon upon him. Weland obeyed, and there being no apparent effect, asked Amilius if he felt any particular sensation. Amilias said he felt as though cold water had passed through his bowels. Weland then bade him shake himself. On doing so, the effect of the blow was apparent—he fell dead in two pieces.

Antiquity of Gunpowder.—The first Englishman who mentioned gunpowder is Roger Bacon, who, about the year 1274, described it as then in common use all over the world for making squibs to amuse children. It is mentioned by Philostratus, 355 before Christ; and in the code of Hindoo laws it is referred to a period coincident with the time of Moses. The military use of rockets in the armies of India reaches to a period beyond record.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY W. ALLINGHAM.

The gloaming storm flies fierce against the pane,
And thrills our cottage with redoubled shocks;
The chimney mutters, and the rafters strain;
Without, the breakers roar along the rocks.

See from our fire and taper-lighted room,
How savage, pitiless, and uncontroll'd
The grim horizon shows its tossing gloom
Of waves from unknown angry gulfs uproll'd.

Where underneath the black portentous lid,
A long pale space between the night and sea
Gleams awful; while in deepest darkness hid
All other things to our despair agree.

But, lo! what star amid the thickest dark,
A soft and unexpected dawn has made?
Oh, welcome, Lighthouse! thy unruffled spark,
Piercing the turmoil and the deathly shade!

By such a glimpse o'er the distracted wave,
Full many a soul in night is reprieved
Of courage and of order, strong to save;
And like effect it works within my breast.

Three faithful men have set themselves to stand
Against all storms that from the sky can blow,
Where peril must expect no abiding hand,
And tedium no relief may hope to know.

Nor shout they, passing brother to inform
What weariness they feel, or what affright,
But tranquilly in solitude and storm
Abide from month to month, and show their light.

LOW LITERATURE.

Time out of mind, the sale of last dying speeches and "sorrowful lamentations" has followed upon the capital punishment of the British criminal; and so strong is the morbid craving of the multitude for details connected with the gallows, that the sale of these gloomy sheets far exceeds that of any other production of the press throughout the world. If the Legislature should put an end to capital punishment, they will at the same time destroy a species of traffic which yields an occasional harvest to thousands of vagabonds scattered through every part of the kingdom, from John o' Groats to the Land's End. The annals of literature can boast no publication whose circulation equals that of the gallows sheet. There never is a murder avenged by the law that does not call for its hundreds of thousands of impressions from the Seven Dials press. When the murder is a "good 'un"—that is, when it is marked by extra barbarity in the perpetration, or extra insensibility in the perpetrator—the impression approaches a million, or even exceeds that. The gallows-sheet of the wretched Rush, containing his "sorrowful lamentation," actually approximated to two millions and a-half in number. Enough were sold to supply nearly one in ten of the entire population of the realm with a copy—a circumstance not very flattering to our ideas of the schoolmaster's progress.

The matter of these sheets is generally collected from the newspapers, the only addition being the "sorrowful lamentation"—a copy of verses made to order for a shilling. Jemmy Catnach, for a long time the great Mecenas and Elzevir of the Dials, when his bards happened to be tipsy, which was too often the case, was driven to write them himself. When hanging was a weekly ceremony, and the victims much more numerous than they have been latterly, the same copy of verses was made to do duty for a dozen different criminals—there was, in fact, no help for it, because the execution followed so quickly on the sentence. But when the law was passed which allowed a longer day, there was no excuse for second-hand verses, and each unfortunate had a ditty to himself. As executions have become less frequent, the impressions of the gallows-sheet have increased in number—which would seem to show that the demand for this exceptional article is subject to the usual law.

But the gallows is not always a fruit-bearing tree, and a "good murder" does not happen every day. Nevertheless, the patterer must live; and, lest the increase of public virtue should condemn him to starvation, the Seven Dials press steps forward to his aid, and considerately supplies him with—"cocks." Perhaps the reader does not know what a "cock" is. A cock, then, is a pleasing fiction—a romance of a startling and exciting character—a tale of scandal concerning some celebrated personage or aristocratic family—an olio of sorrowful loves, heart-rending horrors, and desperate revenges—anything, in short, that is violently interesting and touching, and has not an atom of foundation in fact. In the vulgar tongue, it is simply a lie; but the Diallians are polite, and disguise the exceptionable term under the cognomen of the bird of dawn. With a good cock-crow, the patterer can do tolerably well; and with an assortment of them, to suit the several districts on his beat, he can do still better. Are you startled from your meditations, while making your toilet some morning, by a stentorian voice roaring along the terrace the "halarming news, just arrived by he-lectric telegraph, of the hassassination of the Hemperor Napoleon by a hinfernal machine—of the happrehension of the hassassin with his heyes blowed out of his head—of the consternation of the city of Paris;" and fifty other things besides? Don't be agitated; it is only Scuffler. By the time you have done dressing, he will have mulcted your Betty and half the servant-maids of the terrace of a half-penny apiece—will have realised enough by the "cock-a-doodle-doo" to buy him a substantial breakfast, which he will enjoy at his leisure, and afterwards sally forth to crow another cock for dinner. In the evening, just after sundown, when the stars begin to blink through the fog, his tremendous voice will be heard reverberating along the quiet streets of the West End, with a "full, true, and circumstantial account of the elopement of John Simkins, the ansome footman of Belgravyer, with the markis's youngest daughter, and the harrer escape of the appy pair from the markis's eldest son, Colonel G——, wot started arter 'em with sword and pistols—and showin' how the colonel was done at the Rugby station by the false intelligence prepared for him by the ansome John, and started on to Scotland by express; while the appy couple perseeded to Liverpool, and then sailed for Ameriker, vere they finally landed on the shores of love and liberty—the young 'oman havin' a splendid fortin in her own right." This is found to be a capital crow for the servants-hall and kitchen, and needs but a little vigor on the part of Scuffler to secure him a supper and a bed at any time. The crows for the working-classes must be of a little stronger flavor, and, to tell well, should be illustrated by a huge picture in flaming colors, and mounted on a pole, in which blood, fire, or phantom is the conspicuous feature. Now it is an earthquake, now a conflagration, now a horrible thunderstorm and shipwreck. In London, this species of illustrated cock is everlastingly on the alert—and crows, and crows, and crows, early and late, and all day long, in quarters judiciously selected—except when the falling rain declares war against the painted cartoon. The cock, like the ballad and the sorrowful lamentation, sells for a half-penny, but, in spite of all its crowing, not so readily; partly because it is objectionable to the police, who will not allow it to remain long on its perch, and partly for want of faith on the side of the mob, whom, in these days of cheap newspapers, it is not so easy to delude in the article of news.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Strange Instance of Sympathy.—The Duke de Saint Simon mentions in his *Memoires* a singular instance of constitutional sympathy existing between two brothers. These were twins—the President de Banquemore, and the Governor de Bergues, who were surprisingly alike, not only in their persons, but in their feelings. One morning, he tells us, when the President was at the royal audience, he was all of a sudden attacked by an intense pain in the thigh; at the same instant, as it was discovered afterwards, his brother, who was with the army, received a severe wound from a sword on the same leg, and precisely the same part of the leg!

Origin of the Name Grog.—In Pulley's Etymological Companion will be found the following in reference to the origin of this word: "Admiral Vernon (the same after whom Mount Vernon was named,) was the first to require his men to drink their spirits mixed with water. In bad weather he was in the habit of walking the deck in a rough grogram cloak, and thence had obtained the name of 'Old Grog' in the service. This is the origin of the name applied to rum and water."

OLD EDINBURGH CUSTOMS.

After dinner, and befor the ladies retired, there generally began what were called "*rounds*" of toasts; when each gentleman named an absent lady, and each lady an absent gentleman, separately; or one person was required to give an absent lady, and another person was required to match a gentleman with that lady, and the pair named were toasted, generally with illusions and jokes about the fitness of the union. And, worst of all, there were "sentiments." These were short epigrammatic sentences, expressive of moral feelings and virtues, and were thought refined and elegant productions. A faint conception of their nauseousness may be formed from the following examples, every one of which I have heard given a thousand times, and which, indeed, I only recollect from their being favorites. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his, or for her sentiment, when this or something similar was committed: "May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning." Or, "May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age." Or, "Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds." "May the honest heart never feel distress." "May the hand of charity wipe the tear from the eye of sorrow." "May never worse be among us." There were stores of similar reflections; and for all kinds of parties, from the elegant and romantic, to the political, the municipal, the ecclesiastic, and the drunken. Many of the thoughts and sayings survive still, and may occasionally be heard at a club or a tavern. But even there they are out of vogue as established parts of the entertainment; and in some scenes nothing can be very offensive. But the proper *sentiment* was a high and pure production; a moral motto; and was meant to dignify and grace private society. Hence, even after an easier age began to sneer at the display, the correct course was to receive the sentiment, if not with real admiration, at least with decorous respect. Mercifully, there was a large known public stock of the odious commodity, so that nobody who could screw up his nerves to pronounce the words, had any occasion to strain his invention. The conceited, the ready, or the reckless, hackneyed in the art, had a knack of making new sentiments applicable to the passing accidents, with great ease. But it was a dreadful oppression on the timid or the awkward. They used to shudder, ladies particularly—for nobody was spared, when their turn in the *round* approached. Many a struggle and blush did it cost; but this seemed only to excite the tyranny of the masters of the craft; and compliance could never be avoided, except by more torture than yielding. There can scarcely be a better example of the emetical nature of the stuff that was swallowed than the sentiment elaborated by the poor dominie at Arndilly. He was called upon, in his turn, before a large party, and having nothing to guide him in an exercise to which he was new, except what he saw was liked, after much writhing and groaning, became out with—"The reflection of the moon in the cawm bosom of the lake." It is difficult for those who have been born under a more natural system to comprehend how a sensible man, a respectable matron, a worthy old maid, and especially a girl, could be expected to go into company only on such conditions.—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

LONDON IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The streets were filled with itinerant salesmen, many of whose trades have long since passed away; charcoal sellers from the country, buyers of old lace, sellers of "hot pens," and Irish applemongers. The open stalls were piled with rapiers, and targets, and Italian armor and poignards, and silk points, and ruffs, and feathers, roses for shoes, scarfs, and a thousand other articles of finery now mouldering in quiet country vaults, or treasured here and there, with wrong dates attached to them, in the wardrobes of old show mansions. The paths were filled by jostling serving-men, French pages, and watermen, and wounded soldiers from the Dutch wars, Spanish gallants, Greek merchants; and here and there an astrologer or alchemist, come out for a moment to breathe a purer air than the poisonous atmosphere of his cellar or his turret, that reeked with fuming mercury. There were actors, and bear wards, masters of fence, bullies, and gentlemen pensioners, and gay citizens' wives, and falconers all bright, colored, shifting, motley, and picturesque. There was no dull monotony and stereotype of dress, face, and manner; but a never-ending variety, shifting and brilliant as the dyes of a kaleidoscope. There were beards of all classes and professions,—the spruce, the pointed, the round, grey, black, and cream-colored. All dress marked class; the 'prentice passes with his round cap and truncheon; the citizen with his trimmed gown and gold chain; the noble with his silk cloak and scented doublet, gold spurs, and spangled feather; the needy adventurer with his rusty sword and greasy buff, or half Indian robe; the scrivener with his rusty black coat, and unfailing bag; the divine with his cassock and his bands; the yeoman with his unbarked staff; and the court lady rolling by in her ponderous gilded coach.

The ladies not only painted and rouged, but used false hair of various colors, which was frequently changed without regard to consistency; their locks were trained on wire frames, and wreathed with gold and silver curiously wrought. Besides this, they wore pendant ornaments of bugles and brooches, rings and jewels. To supply the great demand for wits, women went round to buy the tresses of country girls, and, in London, female thieves not unfrequently decoyed children up lonely archways, and robbed them of their hair. Out of doors, these mountains of art were crowned with French hoods, hats, caps, and kerchiefs. The artificer's wife flaunted in her velvet hat; the merchant's wife in her French hood; and the peasant in her taffety or wool hat, lined with silk and velvet. Cawls of gold and silver network, or rich glittering tinsel, were not uncommon; others wore lattice caps, coming to a point above the forehead. Their ruffs were of the finest cambric, stiffly starched, and often in three or four layers, and frequently covered with quaint emblems, or with stars of gold and silver thread. Some were wrought with borders of open work, and others with purled lace.

The ladies often wore doublets and jerkins, tight-bosomed like a modern riding-habit, and made jaunty like those of a page, buttoned down the breast, and trimmed with wings, welts, and pinions at the shoulders. The gowns of the finest cloth frequently cost 40s. a yard. They were embroidered with lace three fingers broad, or with velvet stripes; many wore trailing sleeves, others had them tight, slashed, and pointed, with silk ribbons tied in true-love knots. Some had long capes, faced with velvet, or of fine-wrought silk taffety, and richly fringed; while others' gowns were simply peaked down the back. The petticoats were of the finest cloth, but the greater part of taffety fringed with silk; and their kirtles were of the same rich materials. Their stockings were of all bright colors, curiously worked; and their slippers were of black, white, yellow, and green velvet, or of English or Spanish leather, embroidered with gold and silver thread. The Elizabethan ladies were curious in scents, and peculiarly fond of musk and civet, sweet powders and pomanders, which they wore in chains. The lover knew of his mistress's approach a stone's cast off by an odor as of the dawn of spring. "The bed," says Stubbes, the Puritan, sneeringly, "whereon they have laid their delicate bodies, the places where they have sat, the clothes and things which they have touched, shall smell a week, a month, and more after they be gone."

In the summer, a gentlewoman seldom stirred without a posey to smell at and one to stick in her breast. The beauties of England reveled in earrings, bracelets, and chains, armlets, and gold-embroidered perfumed gloves—as women in most ages have. To keep them from sun-burning, they cast around their faces silk scarfs, tasseled with gold, and, when they rode abroad, wore black velvet masks that fastened with agate clasps, or very enticing and attractive veils.

Here comes by, musingly, with careless gait, a poor poet, clad in velvet and satin, somewhat greasy, and with boots a little out at the toe. By his frequent anxious glances over his shoulder he seems to fear a bailiff. Behind him follows a player, dressed in a murrey cloth gown, faced down the front with grey rabbit skins, and his sleeves barred thick with lace. He holds up his robe to show his white taffeta hose and black silk stockings, a huge ruff surrounds his head, a glass brooch, as big as the great seal, fastens his small brimmed hat, and two boys, in cloaks, follow him, carrying his rapier and sword. His companion is a musician, and the usher of a dancing school; he wears a suit of blue colored taffety, with a cloak daubed with colored lace. Here stand a group of tradesmen, portly men in damask coats and gowns welted with velvet. They all bow as that old, white-headed, country gentleman passes, clad in russet, and in a black coat, with five serving-men, strong and awkward, but dangerous to elbow, striding at his heels. After him—do not be startled, reader—is Sir John, an honest Windsor vicar, in company with the miller, glover, and smith of his village. They have come up to attend a trial, and have visited more than one tavern to drink luck to the suit, and, by a natural sequence, find the path too narrow for decent men. He is no Puritan or raiser of schisms; he is none of the best scholars, and is oftener in the ale house than the pulpit; yet he reads a homily every Sunday and holiday, drinks with his neighbors, spends his money to make them friends, and sometimes on Sundays (misled by good fellows) says both Morning and Evening Prayer at once, and gives the villagers a whole afternoon to play in. He is rather testy, too, and would not refuse a challenge from the village doctor if he sent it.

That stealthy looking man is a runaway bankrupt, just returned from Ireland; he is suspiciously watching a gaping yeoman, who has come to London to see the sights—Guildhall, the two Exchanges, the wax-works, Paul's, Charing Cross, the Boar at Billingsgate, the Fleet, and London Bridge. That fellow in greasy satin sleeves, and spectacles hanging in a copper case round his neck, is a pawnbroker; on his arm is his wife, who flatters her fan affectedly, and begs him to carry Pearl, the dog. Poor wretch! it is every moment, "Husband, pick up my glove;" "Husband, carry my scarf;" and this he calls a day's pleasure. The red nosed fellow beyond, is another country clergyman, come up as a witness in a Westminster trial. He is well described by a satirist who knows him as—

"An honest vicar, and kind consort,
That to the ale-house o'ten would resort,
To have a game at tables now and then,
And drink his pot as soon as any man."

—*Thornbey's Shakespeare's England.*

☞ Chivalry.—The religion of chivalry was that of the motives of the heart. It was love, faith, hope, gratitude, joy, fidelity, honor, mercy; it was a devotion of mind and strength of the whole man, of his soul and body, to the discharge of duty, and the sacrifice of every selfish and dishonorable feeling.

O, Brightly Beams the Summer Sky.

O, brightly beams the Summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover;
But the little pool will soon be dry—
The Summer soon is over!

O, light and soft the west wind blows,
The flower-bells gently ringing;
But blight will fall upon the rose,
Where now the bee is swinging!

A smile is on the silver stream—
A blush is on the flowers;
But the cloud that wears a golden gleam
Will waste itself in showers!

O, little hearts with gladness rife,
Among the waxy grasses!
A deeper shade will fall your life
Than o'er the tow'ring posies!

O, maiden lips! O, lips of bloom!
Unburdened, ravishly singing;
Pale grief shall leave his seal of gloom
Where kisses now are clinging!

O, hope is sweet! O, youth is dear!
And love is sweeter, dearer!
Life is sweet, and life is dear,
But death is often dearer!

O, shield the little hearts from wrong,
While childhood's laugh is ringing!
And bless the lips that sing the song,
Before they cease their singing!

O, crown with joy the brows of youth,
Before those brows are older!
O, touch with love the lips of truth,
Before those lips are colder!

For the little pool will soon be dry—
The Summer soon be over;
Though brightly beams the Summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover!

[Boston Transcript.

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

The house was so still that old Mrs. Wildman exhausted with her long vigil began to nod, whereupon Theodora arose and closed the shutters, darkening the room, and then returned to her seat. The aged woman was soon fast asleep in her easy-chair. And, Theodora, notwithstanding the vague and rather unreasonable anxiety that troubled her, began to feel the influence of slumber stealing over her senses. But as often as she sunk into sleep she was startled out of that state by a strange shock of remorse and terror as irrational as it was incomprehensible and uncontrollable. When this had occurred several times she became so nervous as to be unable to sit still.

She arose quietly and looked at the clock—it was very late in the forenoon. Mrs. Wildman still slept. She went softly up the stairs and listened. Her visitors gave no signs of waking. The unaccountable feeling of gloom and terror that oppressed her spirits grew almost intolerable. She was returning down stairs when a violent knocking at the outer door arrested her attention and quickened her footsteps. She hurried down with the vague impression that some other homeless victim of the flood needed shelter. She opened the door to find there only their own boy Jim, while at an angle of the house a group of strange negroes with frightened looks gathered around some object that their forms concealed. Jim's own face was ashy gray with fear, or it might be with illness, for he had but just left his bed.

"Why, Jim, my boy, you ought not to be up; but what is the matter?"

"Oh, Miss Teodora! please go in and ax Miss 'Lis'abet' to come here."

"Miss Elizabeth is very tired, and has gone to sleep—why will not I do? Do those poor people want food and shelter?" she asked kindly, stepping out.

Jim raised both hands to prevent her.

"Oh! Miss Teodora! don't you go there! not you! not you!"

Theodora turned very pale through an accession of that unaccountable terror that now seemed about to be explained.

"Stand aside—let me go! what is it? what have those men there?" she breathlessly inquired.

"Miss Theodora! now, for the Lord's sake! oh, Miss 'Lizabet! I'm so glad you're come! 'Suade her to go in!" said Jim, as Miss Elizabeth unexpectedly joined the party, inquiring—

"What has happened, Jim?"

"Let her go in first, and I will show you."

"Go in, dear Theodora."

"No, Miss Elizabeth, I cannot. I must see the worst, once for all!" she replied, passing them, and hurrying towards the group.

They followed fast, and overtook her just as she reached the spot. The negroes, with grave and respectful looks, bowed, and moving to the right and left, gave way.

And there, in the midst of them, lay the dead body of Basil Wildman.

"My Lord! my Lord! who shall tell his poor old grandmother!" cried Miss Elizabeth, while Theodora, half-fainting, sank upon her knees beside the corpse.

A groan from behind fell upon Miss Elizabeth's ear, and turning, she saw old Mrs. Wildman standing pale, tearless, and—after that first groan—perfectly silent, gazing upon her dead. At first, the shock had been too great to draw forth tears; but the mute despair of that aged woman melted Elizabeth's terror-frozen heart, and, clasping her sister to her bosom, she wept bitterly, while still Theodora knelt by the side of the corpse, supporting its head on her bosom.

"Don't—it's no use, Betsy," said old Mrs. Wildman, releasing herself from her sister's arms; and then, turning to the negroes, she said—

"Take him up, children—gentle—there—gentle—and bring him in."

The compassionate and respectful assistants carefully obeyed this order, and following Mrs. Wildman, and accompanied by Theodora and Miss Elizabeth, conveyed the dead body into the house and up the stairs and into a chamber, where they laid it, for the present, on a bed.

All the guests of the house were now up, and, frightened and distressed at the tragic event that had come to their knowledge, gathered to the room of death to tender their services, if the case were such that these should be required.

Upon inquiry of the negroes, it was ascertained that, after the retiring of the waters, the dead body of Basil Wildman had been found by them near the banks of Mad River, where it had probably been cast by the flood, and where the clothing had been caught by the thorn-bushes among which it was thrown.

Upon subsequent investigation it was discovered that Basil Wildman, upon the night of his death, had reached Eyrie just at the commencement of the storm—that he had got letters from the post-office, and then, against the advice and entreaties of all his friends present, had set out on his return home, saying, poor fellow, in allusion to his old habits, "that if the elements were going to have a night of it, it was no reason why he should do the same; that the weather would grow worse and worse until morning, and that the family would sit up and be anxious until he should return; finally, that he would get home in less than an hour, and did not mind exposing himself for that length of time to the storm.

The deduction from all the circumstances was, that upon the night of the tempest, Basil Wildman had been drowned in the attempt to cross Mad River.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE END OF ASPIRATION.

Oh, Thought! Oh, Memory! gems forever heaping
High in the illumined chambers of the mind;
And thou, divine Imagination, keeping
Thy lamp's lone star 'mid shadowy hopes enshrined;
How, in one moment, rent and disentwined
At some mysterious touch, apart they fall—
Your glorious establishments—broken all!
As the sand pillars by the desert's wind
Scattered to whirling dust! —*Hemans.*

Since the death of Basil, old Mrs. Wildman had sunk into a state of gentle apathy and helplessness, and there was none to take his place or hers upon the farm; unless, indeed, Theodora could find strength and skill for the duty. Elizabeth could not, at her age and with her nature, change the whole conduct of her life, and, from a sitting-room seamstress, become an agriculturist. Miss Nelly Parrott was efficient only in the art of insolent sponging. Thus three helpless old women were, in a manner, cast upon the care of Theodora, who, with her fragility and lameness, was in some respects, the most helpless of all—her only advantage over the others being her possession of youth and non-possession of unchangeable habits.

Thus, as the winter advanced towards spring, and she missed the bustle incident to the season on the farm, and noticed the apathy of the aged mother and the quiet despondency of Elizabeth, it entered her mind that upon herself depended the salvation of this family from poverty and ruin. Then she took a general view of her own capabilities and of the resources of the place.

For herself, from having lived all her life in the country, she possessed some knowledge of agriculture, gathered from involuntary observation, and she had good will and good sense enough to improve this knowledge. She was very delicate in organization, it is true; but then she was not ill, and though her motion in walking was still that of a crippled bird, she moved without difficulty or pain.

As for the farm, the field of wheat sown before Christmas was growing finely. There was one yoke of oxen, and one draught horse—the other horse having been drowned with his master. Of farm laborers there were but two—Jim and another younger boy. There were, besides, an aged man and woman, long superannuated, and living now upon the bounty of their owners. Jim was the only efficient aid upon whom Theodora could depend. But she wished not to undertake anything in her inexperience without consulting Mrs. Wildman. So, one day, when the snow had all disappeared, she said to the old woman:

"Well, Mrs. Wildman, what do you want done on the farm?"

"Nothing, child—it don't matter."

"Shall Jim plough the brook field?"

"It don't matter, honey."

"Shall he plough up the clover field and prepare it for planting corn?"

"Never mind."

"I know it is a great deal too early to sow corn yet, but we might get the ground ready, unless there is something else that ought to be done first—is there?"

"What, honey?"

"Anything that ought to be done before we plough those two fields?"

"Lord, child, it ain't no use—nothin' ain't!" said the old woman, quietly, almost complacently composing herself.

"Yes! you may say that! but I wonder how you think we are all going to live? If I called myself the head of a family, wouldn't sit there smiling like an idiot, and letting people want for bread!" exclaimed Miss Parrott.

"It's all one, Nelly," replied the old lady very meekly.

"All one is it?—'tisn't all one! I do believe you're getting into your dotage," snapped Miss Parrott.

"Come here Miss Nelly, I want to speak to you," said Theodora, tapping Miss Parrott on the shoulder, and with a look and tone that somehow constrained compliance with her demand.

When Miss Nelly had followed her to the parlor window Theodora stood before her, and laying her hand upon her shoulder and looking her straight in the face with that expression by which sane minds often govern the insane she said,

"See here, Miss Nelly! I have seen gentleness and forbearance tried with you for some ten years past—a sufficiently long trial of such means I should judge—and they have been ineffectual. Now if your evils are only to be conquered by evils, so be it. Mrs. Wildman has been a great sufferer—her energies of mind and body are impaired. I will not have her treated with harshness and disrespect. No one desires or dares to do so but yourself. And if you continue to trouble her—attend!—I will get rid of you by sending you to the county almshouse."

"Oh! you—you—you will, will you? I'll see!" cried Miss Nelly, pale and choking with rage and astonishment.

"Yes—assuredly I will. I am the acting and responsible head of this family now, and I will not permit its most venerable member to be molested."

"You—you—under all that softness—you white-faced pussy cat!—you begin to show your cloven foot!" cried Miss Nelly, who was about as correct in her natural history as she was consistent in metaphor.

"Come, Miss Parrott, if you exhibit violence, there is another retreat besides the alms-house—it is called the lunatic asylum!"

This last word produced the most powerful effect upon Miss Nelly. She grew livid, and shook through all her frame. Whether she had ever been an inmate of Bedlam, or ever been threatened with incarceration there, Theodora did not know. She was only surprised, and if it must be admitted—pleased—to see the fright into which that single word had thrown her, and to know that at last a name was found through which to control the evils of that intractable creature. And, by-the-way, from that time Miss Nelly ceased to goad and exasperate the gentle natures around her.

Theodora, seeing that old Mrs. Wildman was no longer able even to give advice and direction, was fain to take counsel with her poor assistant Black Jim. And thus under not very favorable auspices the spring work on the farm was commenced. She had not counted upon all the difficulties that stood in the way. The family were in want of groceries, and as Theodora had not a dollar in her own possession she applied to Miss Elizabeth.

"Lord, child, I haven't a cent of money! where should I get it? I haven't a single hand hired out! they are all on the farm."

"I know—but are there no funds in the house? I do not like to trouble Mrs. Wildman, because she is so—*absent minded*—and just in proportion as she is brought to *think* she is brought to *suffer*."

"I know it, my dear! leave her alone; it would be useless, besides, for she has no money. It took every cent to pay for poor Basil's funeral, and left us in debt besides I suppose."

"And there is really no money in the house?"

"No—I think we had better sell something—the yoke of oxen for instance."

Theodora was really shocked at this proposal, betraying as it did so much improvidence in the mind of her friend.

"But, Miss Elizabeth, to sell our sole yoke of oxen would indeed be the beginning of ruin! that is not to be thought of for a moment."

A BOWER TO BE COVERED WITH CLIMBING ANNUALS.

"Well, child, I don't know anything about out-of-door matters; but I *do* know the groceries are nearly all out, and that there is no money in the house to get more. It is a great pity Basil threw away so much money going to the springs last summer. But he always would spend faster than he could make."

"Hush, don't reproach the dead. He never spent much on himself, or *spared* much from his friends. When did ever that rich, full heart understand the poverty of the pocket, and close itself against the demands of friendship or of charity?"

"That is true—but—it has left his family in great straits."

The grain was growing finely, promising a rich harvest, and upon this prospect, Theodora seeing no other way of supplying the immediate and pressing necessities of the family, thought she would go to Eyrie and get credit for such articles as they most needed. So the draught horse was put in the old gig and Jim summoned to drive it. And thus she went to the village grocery store.

"I am glad to see you, madam. I was just about to send a messenger to Red Ridge, and your appearance has very agreeably forestalled my purpose," said the proprietor, bowing and handing a folded paper to his customer.

With a sinking heart Theodora opened it, and found it to be a bill for the last year's groceries, ending the preceding January. She looked at the foot of the long column of figures, and seeing the amount could scarcely suppress a cry—it was over three hundred dollars.

"I will take this with me," she replied in a trembling voice.

"And—I should be very much oblived by an early settlement, madam. I have a large note to pay in a few days, and—"

"I fear I shall not be able to settle this account in time for your note, sir. In a few months I shall apply for letters of administration upon the estate of my deceased husband, and then all claims shall be faithfully discharged," said Theodora. But with an unpaid bill like that staring her in the face, she had not courage to give an order for the supplies she needed.

Bidding the dissatisfied tradesman good-morning, she directed Jim to drive to the shoe store where she had also some purchases to make on credit. Without leaving her seat in the gig, she sent in the measures by Jim, who, after an absence of fifteen minutes returned, bearing the packet of shoes, and accompanied by the shopkeeper, who bowing, presented his bill for the whole preceding year, saying,

"We generally send out bills on the first week of January; but delayed this upon account of the affliction of your family, ma'am."

"I thank you for your consideration, sir," said Theodora, growing paler as she received the account.

"Is it possible that the shoe-bill of a family of six white persons and four negroes, can amount to one hundred dollars a year, and their grocery bill to three hundred? It is to me almost incredible; but then I am inexperienced, and consequently ignorant; I must look over the items." Then aloud, to the storekeeper she said, "Sir, I will pay you a portion of this bill at least, from the very first funds that come into my hands. In the meantime I do not wish to open a new account while the old one remains unsettled."

And Theodora handed back the packet.

The shoe merchant looked in her face to see the hidden cause of her unusual movement, and seeing nothing there but gentleness, sadness and sincerity, he answered, kindly and respectfully,

"That does not make the slightest difference, Mrs. Wildman. Pray let your servant take charge of the bundle. I confidently relied on the continuance of your family's custom."

"Ah, sir!" replied simple and unworldly Theodora, "unless our affairs take a favorable change, our custom would not be a great profit even if it were not a great loss. I had no idea how much we were in arrears until I came to town."

The creditor looked grave—but to *his* credit be it placed, that he did not fail either in humanity or delicacy. Theodora soon took leave. There was a bottle of Stouten's Bitters wanted for the old lady, and Theodora drove around to the druggist to get with the medicine a long bill of the year's drugs.

"Twenty-five dollars! Jim! do you give calomel and quinine to the *cattle?*" she inquired of her factotum, on re-entering the gig.

"Law! no, Miss Teodory—surely not!"

"We, ten human creatures, Saxon and African, never could have swallowed the tenth part of this medicine, and in one year, and survive the effects."

"Hi! law! Miss Teodory, don't you know when any poor body comed to Marse Basil or Miss Lizzy, for 'stance—and they hadn't no money—(as they generall hadn't—for what should a gentleman or a lady as has grocers, and druggers and all to command, want of money!)—they guv 'em *orders*."

A light broke on Theodora's mind. Basil, with his usual reckless generosity, and undiscriminating charity, had been feeding and clothing others besides his own family.

Theodora wished next to go into the village dry good store to purchase on credit for Mrs. Wildman a much needed Sunday gown. But dreading to face another unpaid bill, she was leaving the village when she found her precautions all in vain; for a young shopman came running out with flying hair and flying coat-skirts, and holding in his hand a fresh folded paper—hailed the driver of the gig.

Jim understanding the face of affairs, put whip to his horse with the intention of running away.

"Oh, Jim! Jim! never do that!" said Theodora, laying hold of the reins; "to the right about! face the enemy, Jim!"

"To hail we-dem in the public street!" exclaimed Jim, indignantly; and he jerked the reins so sharply and suddenly as to make the horse rear.

When the beast was quieted, the young shopman approached, and with many apologies, presented the account of his employer.

"I will attend to it as soon as possible," said Theodora, receiving the paper.

The young man bowed and retired.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars for dry-goods;—three hundred and seventeen for groceries;—one hundred and three for shoes;—twenty-five for drugs. Nearly seven hundred dollars in all—to say nothing of other unpaid bills of which I may be yet ignorant. Jim! can you give a guess about what our crops will bring this year?"

"Law, Miss Teodory, nobody can't tell much about craps, ma'am, in March! 'Spose we had good, toler'ble wettish wedder, wid no 'stroyin' storms, and nyther no drout—we have good craps. 'Spose we have nyther a long drout, or else sev'al 'structive storms, to say nothin' o' 'stroyin' wermin an' plagues o' Egypt, why you know yourself, it 'ould spoil all; and all our labor dead loss!"

"Yes! I know all that! but I trust in Heaven that none of these fatal casualties will happen. I mean it all goes on as well as usual; can you give a rough guess as to what will be the profits of the year? In a word—Jim, these bills that the shopkeepers—"

"The low life, white niggers! as if they couldn't o' waited; I 'clare to Marster, I could hardly sit still on my seat and listen to 'em!"

"Hush, you forget yourself; you must not say such things, least of all in my presence. The men were respectful; I have no fault to find with them. I was about to say to you, that the amount of their claims is nearly seven hundred dollars. Now do you think the profits of the farm will be much over that?"

"My goodness, Miss Teodory! I hearn Marse Basil say how the place hadn't brought in five hundred dollars a year since he knew it!"

Theodora groaned in spirit, but then said aloud—

"A great deal of money was laid out upon it last year—therefore it *must* produce more this year. And yet, alas! I have known even such sure speculations as those to fail!"

They were winding down the mountain path, a descent not without danger, and so difficult as to require the greatest care on the part of the driver—and Theodora fell into silence that remained unbroken until the gig was drawn up before the farm house.

"Well! well, my dear, what fortune?" inquired Miss Elizabeth, as Theodora entered the sitting-room.

The girl shook her head and smiled sadly as she sat down and drew off her gloves.

"'s Went out for wool, and came home shorn;'" exclaimed the amiable Miss Parrott.

Theodora took no notice of spiteful speeches addressed to herself; but proceeded to take off her bonnet and shawl and put them aside.

"Well, honey," said poor old Mrs. Wildman, looking up from her corner; "well, my child, did you get the *rale* gun-powder tea? first quality, you know?—I can't drink poor stuff."

"No! she didn't get first quality! nor second quality! nor yet third quality! she couldn't even get trusted for 'poor stuff!' Serves her right, and you too! See what you've brought yourself to in your old days!"

"Ah! Lord; I have done the best I could, Nelly—and if it was all in vain—still I can bear it."

"You can bear it! Yes, *you!* you've a right to bear it! but you've no right to bring innocent people like *me* to want! Where shall I get a cup of tea to-night, and to-morrow and next day—where?"

"In bedlam, Miss Nelly!" said Theodora, quietly fixing the semi-maniac with her firm gaze.

"G-r r-r-r—!" hissed Miss Nelly between a panic and a fury, showing her teeth and shaking her fists at Theodora, who very calmly received that graphic demonstration of feeling.

The nearest and for the present moment, the most importunate care on the girl's mind was the old lady's supper. How could she ever make it without tea, that had become to the latter a real necessary of life.

"May there not be a teaspoonfull remaining in the bottom of the caddy, that will do to make *her* a cup of tea? If there is only enough for her, we, you know, can do without it for to-night; to-morrow, I will find means of replenishing the grocery-closet," said Theodora to Miss Elizabeth, as she went to the cupboard, as bare as that of old Mother Hubard, and turned up the tea-caddy. "Yes! I do declare, there *is* half an ounce left—enough to last her to-night and to-morrow morning, and I am as glad as if I had found a small fortune."

The next day Theodora once more put the services of Jim, the horse and the gig, in requisition, and went to Eyrie, to the shop of the watchmaker and silversmith, where she disposed of her own gold watch—the gift of Vivia—for a little less than its original cost. And then she went to the grocery store, and laid in a supply of groceries, telling the shopkeeper, as she settled for them, that she should prefer to purchase only with cash until the old bill should be settled.

"It was right. Vivia herself would be the first to approve the act. I must not let a morbid attachment to inanimate objects, gifts of love though they are, cause me to feel an love and care to those human beings looking to me for comfort," said Theodora, sighing, and endeavoring to soothe the pain she felt in leaving behind the cherished gift of Vivia, while she journeyed home. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PREMONITIONS OF DEATH.

The first symptom of approaching death with some, is the strong presentiment that they are about to die.

Oranam, the mathematician, while in apparent health, rejected pupils from the feeling that he was on the eve of resting from his labors; and he expired soon after of an apoplectic stroke.

Fletcher, the divine, had a dream, which shadowed out his impending dissolution, and believing it to be the merciful warning of Heaven, he sent for a sculptor, and ordered his tomb. "Begin your work forthwith," he said, at parting, "there is no time to lose." And unless the artist had obeyed the admonition, death would have proved the quicker workman of the two.

Mozart wrote his requiem under the conviction that the monument he was raising to his genius, would, by the power of association, prove a universal monument to his remains. When life was fleeting very fast, he called for the score, and musing over it, said, "Did I not tell you truly, that it was for myself that I composed this death chant?"

John Hunter has solved the mystery, if mystery it can be called, in a single sentence. "We sometimes," he says, "feel within ourselves that we shall not live, for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain."

His own case has often been quoted among the marvels of which he offered the rational explanation. He intimated, on leaving home, that if a discussion which awaited him at the hospital took an angry turn, it would prove his death. A colleague gave him the lie; the coarse word verified the prophecy, and he expired almost immediately in an adjoining room. There was everything to lament in the circumstance, but nothing at which to wonder, except that any individual could show such disrespect to the great genius, a single year of whose existence was worth the united lives of his opponents. Hunter, in uttering the prediction, had only to take counsel in his own experience, without the intervention of invisible spirits. He had long labored under a disease of the heart, and he felt the disorder had reached the point at which any sharp agitation would bring on the crisis.

Circumstances, which at another time would excite no attention, are accepted for an omen when health is failing. The order for the requiem with Mozart, the dream with Fletcher, turned the current of their thoughts to the grave. The death of a cotemporary, which raises no fears in the young and vigorous, is often regarded by the old and feeble as a summons to themselves.

Foote, prior to his departure for the continent, stood contemplating the picture of a brother author, and exclaimed, his eyes full of tears, "Poor Weston!" In the same dejected tone he added, after a pause, "Soon others shall say, 'Poor Foote!'" and, to the surprise of his friends, a few days proved the justice of his prognostication. The expectation of the event has a share in producing it; for a slight shock completes the destruction of prostrate energies. Many an idle belief in superstitious times, lent a stimulus to disease, and pushed into the grave those who happened to be trembling on the brink.

The case of Wolsey was singular. The morning before he died, he asked Cavendish the hour, and was answered, "Past eight." "Eight of the clock!" replied Wolsey, "that cannot be—eight of the clock—nay, nay, it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock shall you lose your master." The day he miscalculated; the hour came true. On the following morning as the clock struck eight, his troubled spirit passed from life. Cavendish and the bystanders thought he must have had a revelation of the time of his death; and from the way in which the fact had taken possession of his mind, we suspect that he relied on astrological prediction, which had the credit of a revelation in his own esteem.

Persons in health have died from the expectation of dying. It was once common for those who perished by violence to summon their destroyers to appear within a stated time before the tribunal of their God; and we have many perfectly attested instances in which, through fear and remorse, the perpetrators withered under the curse, and died. Pestilence does not kill with the rapidity of terror.

The profligate Abbess of a convent, the Princess Gonzaga of Clevez, and Guise, the profligate Archbishop of Rheims, took it into their heads, for a jest, to visit one of the nuns by night, and exhort her as a person who was visibly dying. While in the performance of their heartless scheme, they whispered to each other, "She is just departing!" She departed in earnest. Her vigor, instead of detecting the trick, sank beneath the alarm; and the profane pair discovered in the midst of their sport, that they were making merry with a corpse.

A condemned criminal was handed over to some French physicians, who, to try the effects of imagination, told him it was intended to despatch him by bleeding, the easiest method known to their art. Covering his face with a cloth, they pinched him to counterfeit the prick of a lancet, placing his feet in a bath, as if to encourage the stream, and conversed together on the tragic symptoms supposed to arise. Without the loss of a drop of blood, his spirit died within him from the mental impression; and when the veil was raised, he had ceased to live.—*Phonetic Journal.*

BRIDAL THOUGHTS.—I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married as the world says—well. Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young; at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes blessing me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now not forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly they will come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay, to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart, and gaze with him on the graceful form as she moves about for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces resigned into dignity, and her loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and delicate attentions which first won her; and her fair children are grown about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die.—*Washington Irving.*

A BOWER
To be Covered with Climbing Annuals

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

It is not stepping far beyond the limits which we have assigned to ourselves in our series of articles on room and window gardening, to suggest the erection of a little floral apartment in some convenient situation within the garden of the suburban villa. A cool retreat—filled with the dewy freshness of bright young foliage, making a soft twilight sweet with the perfume of flowers within, while the gay colors cause its exterior to glitter like the enamelled and jewelled encasement of a reliquary, has always been a favorite spot in the sunny time of summer. "My lady's bower," in the olden time, formed the chief ornament of the garden at that bright season; and few of the quaint old poets and quainter old illuminators, but have minutely described its charms with pen or pencil, in the old romaunt, where its associations constantly play a conspicuous part.

In most old-fashioned gardens of much more recent date, the tradition of the "bower" was still preserved in the form of stately summer-houses and pavilions, rendered more than complete with windows and oven fireplaces. But in the present day the summer-house, in any shape, has become a rarity, and the early "bower," as well as the later alcove, arbor, moss-house, grotto, &c., have alike disappeared from the plans of a modern landscape gardener. Perhaps a better understanding of the climate has had as much to do with the matter as change of taste; and as regards permanent structures in the way of maisonnette, summer-house, &c., the omission of such additions to our garden features is sincerely to be regretted. But the creation of what may be termed an impromtu bower, to come in, as it were, with the summer months and disappear along with them, is quite another affair, which might be reintroduced with agreeable effect, and when successfully contrived would form a very graceful addition to garden scenery, whether extensive or confined. The recent introduction of several new climbing plants of rapid growth, and bearing showy flowers, has rendered the construction of a summer retreat, of the description alluded to, a matter of very easy realization, and that, too, in an incredibly short space of time, if commenced in due season.

In order to complete such a structure in an easy and inexpensive manner, the amateur gardener may adhere to the following directions, if his own ingenuity suggests nothing better:—Let our amateur himself, or a jobbing carpenter, if he be not handy with saw and plane, make seven frames, about six feet six inches high by three feet wide, and let them be tightly covered with cheap zinc wire netting. When placed upright, in a position to form a ground-plan, ascertain the proportions which will be required to form a roof of eight smaller frames of the triangular form, which will, of course, be three feet wide at the base of the triangle; forming a sharp or more depressed angle upwards according to the taste of the rustic architect. These frames are to be covered with the same kind of wire netting as the others; and when the side frames are fixed in their position, by means of eight internal uprights driven firmly into the ground, and which may be either smoothly planed, like the frames, or formed of branches simply barked, then the pieces forming the roof may be added; either separately or after having been fastened together in the form of a large umbrella, which last will probably be found the easiest course to pursue; and the roof so put on entire, may easily be fixed in its position by means of two or more screws. These wire frames need not be very strongly made, as they will have no strain or weight to bear. They may, indeed, be very slight, provided the eight upright stakes or stays be pretty strong and firmly fixed. We have supposed the entrance to be dressed up with a little rustic branch work, which can be very easily managed just now, for it is the season of the bark harvest. The amateur architect may now take a stroll among the fields, and he will see the venerable monarch of many a hedge-row lying prostrate in the young spring grass, stripped of his hoary bark of silvery gray, and the vast trunk and far-stretching limbs bleached and bare, like a grim skeleton, the gaunt and gnarled branches stretched wildly forth, as though they had died in the act of useless supplication. The rustic architect may select among these lesser limbs such pieces as are most likely to suit his purposes, and will find, in endless variety, pieces suited by their straightness for rustic columns, or others full of tangled turns and fanciful irregularities, precisely adapted to the work he is contemplating.

The framework of the bower being complete, even to the dressing up of the entrance with the antler-like trophies of the fallen oak, the next step will be the addition of the plants or seeds destined to clothe it with foliage and flowers. For this purpose make a trench about fourteen inches deep round the structure, and fill it with rich soil, such as is kept prepared for potting purposes, in order that a stimulus may be given to the rapid and luxuriant growth of the plants. In the centre of each compartment one leading plant should be placed—on one side of the entrance a Cobæa scandens, on the other a couple or three plants of tropæolum canariensis; next, a sprinkling of mixed major convolvulus seed; then, on either side, a large pot with a plant of calystegia pubescens, which we recommend keeping in the pot to prevent the roots spreading, as it is difficult to get rid of the suckers if they are allowed to get into the open ground. Of the common tall nasturtium tropæolum majus, a few seeds may be scattered in the trench, and any remaining gaps filled up with more tropæolum canariensis, and a seed or two of the common climbing bean—"the scarlet runner" of the kitchen gardens, the vivid blossoms of which will produce a fine effect among the others; but the effect must be sparingly used, or the common character of the foliage may betray the vulgarity of its origin. About the entrance, a few sweet peas and mignionette seeds may be sprinkled to enrich the lower part of the floral composition, and give the finishing touch of perfume to the retreat. We have supposed the entrance flanked by two fine hardy fuchsias, preserved through the winter in tubs, to give it a final touch of importance.

Such a retreat, when the ladies are at work at their crochet or guipure within its perfumed shade, and children are amusing themselves with the task of training the luxuriant climbers, forms an episode in garden scenery which it is well worth the trouble to produce. In a few weeks it will be nearly covered with the rapidly-growing plants we have named, which retain their luxuriance till late in the autumn, when they may be removed, and the framework of the structure laid aside, if thought best, to do duty again in the ensuing season.

THE DOG.—Every one who has a dog must admit that he has a large share of reason. Only observe him as he sits by your side, and wistfully watches the endless transit of piece after piece, bit after bit, as the fork is conveying delicate morsels to your mouth. There is neither hope nor despair exhibited in his countenance; he knows those pieces are not for him. There is an expression of impatience about the eye, as he scans your features, which seems to say, "Greedy fellow! what, not one bit for me?" Only cut a slice from the exterior of the joint, a piece that he knows you will not eat, and watch the change and eagerness of his expression; he knows as well as you do, that it is intended for him—he has reasoned upon it.

SUBMARINE DUEL.—Some years ago, when Mr Deane and his corps of divers were engaged in clearing the wreck of the "Royal George" from the anchorage at Spithead, two privates in the Sappers and Miners at work under water, squabbled and had a set-to in the briny deep; one of them succeeded in breaking a window in his antagonist's helmet, and the unfortunate diver was dragged up to the surface half-drowned.

Letter from England.

MIDSUMMER WEEK IN LONDON—PICCADILLY VERSUS HINDOSTAN—ATTRACTIONS OF THE WEEK—FETE AT THE SYDENHAM PALACE—VISIT OF THE QUEEN—FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE FOUNTAINS—AN IRISHMAN'S JUDGMENT.

LONDON, June 27, 1856.

Messrs. Eds. Sat. Eve. Post:

Midsummer has come and passed, and weather-wise Englishmen begin sagely to prophesy that soon there will be dry and pleasant weather, since the two parts of the season are expected to balance each other; if the first half be rainy, the second is to be fine, and vice versa, the beauty of May and June must be paid for by August and September. This is the philosophical way in which those discontented spirits must console themselves who are inclined to despise at a midsummer week divided between the fire side indoors, and waterproof great coats out of doors. The last two days, however, suggest the possibility of the prediction being verified, for they have been two days of that hazy heat peculiar to England, which makes so strong an impression that a stranger can hardly believe the thermometer when he finds that the mercury only stands at seventy-five degrees or so. Returned East Indians declare sometimes that "there is no heat so oppressive as that of a hazy summer day in Piccadilly," and without quite endorsing their opinion, it is certain that there is something in the *quality* of the heat that makes it far more oppressive than its *degree* would seem to justify. London never shows to more advantage than in such weather; standing under one of the noble old trees on the sloping uplands of Hyde Park, and looking through the dreamy light across the rich green expanse of shade and sunshine to the long rows of lofty houses and tall church spires in the distance, one cannot deny that Lon'on is, for the time being, a beautiful city.

In such weather, however, the Londoners, like most citizens of crowded towns, are very willing to leave to strangers the privilege of admiring their city, while they pour forth into the thousand attractive neighborhoods that railways and steamers bring so close to them. And good excuses for spending days in greener, fresher scenes, have not been wanting during the present week. The beautiful flower shows at the Cremorne Gardens offered one charming excursion. Thursday last has been, from time immemorial, the grand "sporting day" at the classic old High School of Harrow, and innumerable carriages and "drags" of every description conveyed family parties of sympathising parents, uncles, aunts and cousins through the green country road that leads to the shady hill from which old "Harrow on the hill" obtains its name, to admire the maiden efforts of their young "hopes" in the venerable halls of Harrow. Another great attraction was the Flora Exhibition and the Fountains, at the Sydenham Palace on the 26th. There have been three of these exhibitions during the past week, and the fourth is, *just* completed, played for the first time on these occasions, and have drawn crowds of admiring visitors, including the Queen and the Court, who, with some twenty thousand of her loyal subjects, was present at the first exhibition. And a wonderful place is this same gigantic Crystal Palace, now that it, and the arrangement of the grounds, have advanced so nearly to completion, as to lose the unfinished look which till recently marred so greatly the general effect. It is, in its way, an unrivalled proof of what has been, and prediction of what may be, accomplished by human skill and industry.

The building stands upon a rising ground, and some idea of its effect may be formed from its proportions. Its whole length is 2,756 feet; including the long colonnade, which forms an additional wing leading to the railway station, it is 3,476 feet, nearly three quarters of a mile covered with glass roof. The height of the centre transept is 197 feet, the greatest width 384 feet. It consists of a basement floor giving way to machinery, and above that of a grand central nave, two side aisles, two main galleries, three transepts, and two wings. The design of the building is far finer than that of the old Crystal Palace. Imagine this grand pile of glass and iron—with its great domed central nave—its projecting wings with their square towers, flanked by the lofty round water towers crowning the summit of a hill which descends in terraces to the lakes below; upon those terraces the same great fountains filling the air with their cloudy spray, and far in the distance a wide view over parts of six counties, and it must be acknowledged that it is worth a journey of some distance to see such a "people's palace."

The internal arrangements of the building, and its contents, may be divided into three departments—the Fine Arts, the Industrial, and that of Natural History and Science. The south end is devoted to Art; here, on either side of the central aisle, is the range of courts illustrative of national art; the Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Nineveh and Byzantine courts; the Alhambra court, with its cool, glowing colors; its lions' court of the Lions, and its gorgeous hall of the Abencerrages; the Pompeian house, with its fresh fountains, brilliant decorations, and bright, cheerful, southern air; the Mediæval, Renaissance, Elizabethan and Italian courts, with their endlessly varied contents, curious and beautiful relics, and copies of objects illustrative of the art and life of different ages. At the northern end are the Industrial courts, long series of compartments, illustrative of what has been accomplished in every department of human industry, a lasting exhibition of the treasures of modern skill. In the galleries are the Picture Gallery, filled principally with the works of living artists; the Portrait Gallery, containing the busts of distinguished men of all nations, collections of Natural History, and endless rooms and galleries of curious and interesting things. But, after all, the most striking part of the Exhibition is the general view of the whole, from either end of the central aisle. Standing, for example, at the south end, within the beautiful screen, covered with old sculptures of the monarchs of England, which veils the entrance, the visitor gains a fine view of the whole interior. In the foreground is the great crystal fountain, as conspicuous an object in the Hyde Park Palace, which stands in the centre of a sheet of water, extending through the nave some two hundred feet in length, covered with the gigantic leaves of the Victoria Regia, and of a variety of other aquatic plants, whose blossoms, pink, blue and white, dot the surface. Beds of bright flowers adorn the marble margin, while on either side of the nave rise the plants of every clime, their foliage flourishing luxuriously under the protection of the lofty crystal roof; amongst them all along the nave, are groups of statuary, and at the back are the facades of the Fine Arts and Industrial courts, whose bright coloring forms a picturesque background as far as the eye can see through the lofty perspective. From the light galleries hang baskets filled with flowers, and graceful drooping plants; vines of all kinds twine around the lofty columns; while amidst the trees are large aviaries filled with birds of brilliant plumage, or sweet voices. In the early morning, or towards evening, the visitor might fancy himself in the woods, for the whole palace resounds with the notes of the nightingale, thrushes, blackbirds and robins, which have their homes in this covered garden.

Along the front of the building, on both stories, runs an open covered gallery, forming a promenade of the length of the building, which commands a magnificent view of an undulating country, containing among other objects of interest the towers of London and Windsor, the woodlands of Essex, and the downs of Epsom. The grounds of the Crystal Palace are two hundred acres in extent. A flight of steps leads from the great entrance to the upper terrace, 1,536 feet long by 48 feet broad; here are the basins for six fountains, the oval basins of the two centre ones being 784 feet in length. Another flight of steps leads to the second terrace, 1,656 feet long and 512 feet broad. Here are three more fountains, the central one of which is the magnificent circular fountain, whose central jet rises to the height of 280 feet. Beyond the plateau of the terraces lies the lake, whose islands are peopled by the monsters who inhabited the castle while the world was still young. To the right and left of the terraces with their balustrades, beds of turf and flowers, and statues, rise pleasant sloping lawns, dotted here and there with trees and thickly planted shrubs, and far in the distance the glorious view is closed by a line of blue hills.

A more brilliant scene it would be difficult to imagine than that presented by the grounds and galleries of the Palace upon the great fete day of the first flower show, when the fountains began to play. The Queen and her brilliant escort occupied the centre of the first gallery; all the other galleries, the broad steps and terraces were filled with the gay crowds, eagerly watching the first appearance of the long talked of fountains. Suddenly tiny jets made their appearance in each basin, gradually they rose higher and higher, unfolding their various forms, till at length the great central jets bounded high into the air, filling it with their fresh coolness, and displaying their beautiful vapory shapes in their full grace, amidst the applause of the assembled spectators. Not the least amusing part of the proceedings was the effect produced upon the crowds of ladies who stood innocently admiring the growing beauty of the fountain, until they found that as it rose higher, the spray flew wider, and as the central jets arose, a sudden commotion ensued, and the gay dresses and bright bonnets retreated rapidly to a more respectful distance.

Now, however, that this great national work, as it may justly be called, is completed, the disadvantage of its distance to the metropolis becomes more and more apparent, and when wandering through the endless treasures it contains, the unlimited means of study for the artist, the practical man or the laborer, one cannot but sympathise with the criticism of an American Irishman, who, after going over the whole, on being asked his opinion, replied with a grave shake of the head, "T'aint handy for the citizens of Lon'on."

THE SLAVE TRAFFIC.—The New York Journal of Commerce says that fifteen slavers have sailed from that port within the last twelve months and three within the last three weeks.

With such audacity is the villany prosecuted, that while Marshal de Angelis was occupied about the seizure of the Brandan, (whose officers were on trial for engaging in the slave trade,) advantage was taken by another vessel of the same character to glide down the river and escape. It is well known that within sixty days an old vessel was bought for $1,500, refitted and altered to a topsail schooner, loaded with logwood and whalebone, and cleared for a European port, in command of a captain who was convicted at Philadelphia, a short time since, of being engaged in slave trading; yet there were no circumstances which would justify the issue of a warrant for her detention, though the officers entertained no doubts as to her real character and objects. * * The impunity with which these transactions are carried on may be inferred from the fact, that, during the last year, there have been but five prosecutions for any breach of the laws relating to this matter, and of this number the government succeeded in procuring only one conviction, viz., the captain of the Julia Morgan. Not long ago, Mr. Crawford, H. B. M. Consul-General to Cuba, called the attention of Mr. Crampton, at Washington, to the fact that slavers were fitted out in this city, and asking his interference to prevent the sailing of a vessel that was then nearly in readiness. In the instance referred to, Don Jose Egea left Havana for New York, (as Mr. Crawford asserts,) in order to purchase, through a certain house, a pilot boat or fore-and-aft schooner, capable of bringing over 500 slaves, from Africa to Cuba—the vessel to be provided with water, &c., and thus prepared, to sail from New York for her destination, where the slaves were in waiting. Mr. Crawford remarked, in connection with his dispatch: "Almost all the slave expeditions for some time past have been fitted out in the United States, chiefly at New York, where there must be some establishment, ship or outfitting, carpenter's or builder's yard, specially undertaking such business for the slavers." Most of the vessels fitted out in the United States, for the slave trade, sail from New York, but a considerable proportion of them sail from other ports. The vessels ordinarily selected, are of medium size, costing not more than $3,000 to $7,000, bought with the expectation that they will be destroyed when their cargo is secured and finally discharged. Traders calculate that if but one vessel out of four proves successful, they can well afford to incur all the losses involved, and assume all the risks. Negroes are obtained on the African coast at from $10 to $40 per head, and from $300 to $500 is readily obtained for them when landed; so that a cargo of 500 slaves, costing $15,000, or $30 per head, realizes to the venturesome trader, if sold on an average of $400 per head, at least $170,000 or $180,000, expenses deducted.

IMPORTANT TO PERSONS MAILING LETTERS FOR CALIFORNIA.—The Post-Office Department has adopted a system for securing, as far as possible, the safe delivery of letters sent by e-mail to California, and the Territories of Oregon and Washington. The plan, which is as simple as it is effective, may be explained by the following example: Suppose a letter has been directed to Mr. Frank M. Caldwell, (formerly of Pennsylvania,) Sacramento, California; but it is feared that Mr. Caldwell may not be in Sacramento, and hence may not receive the letter. In this case deposit the letter, as usual in the mail for California; but, at the same time, send to the New York Post Office a *slip of paper*, upon which is copied the *address* upon the letter. This slip of paper must be enclosed, together with a three-cent postage stamp, in an envelope, and directed to the "Pacific Mail List," New York Post-Office. The address on the slip of paper thus received at the New York Office will be entered in its appropriate place in the "Pacific Mail List," which list is printed, and being sent by each mail to each and every post-office throughout the entire Pacific region, it will point out to Mr. Caldwell, wherever he may be, that a letter for him has been sent to the Sacramento Post-Office. Thousands of letters may thus be safely and *speedily* received that would otherwise become dead letters. This mode of registering a letter does not require one minute of extra labor to perform it.

An envelope directed to the "Pacific Mail List," pays postage like ordinary mail matter, and must be pre-paid. The three-cent stamp enclosed in the envelope defrays the expense of publication, and must not be pasted, but simply enclosed. The slip of paper sent to the New York Office should be cut to fit the envelope loosely, and enclosed without folding. When two or more addresses are enclosed in the same envelope, each address should be copied on a separate slip of paper. Cards will make a good substitute for slips of paper.

It is advisable to give in the address on a letter *the name of the State* from which the person for whom the letter is intended emigrated to the Pacific coast; but, as in many cases this may not be known, the letter may still be registered by sending its address to the "Mail List."

ANOTHER "PAINFUL OCCURRENCE."—On July 16th, the Metropolitan Hotel, in New York, was the scene of great excitement, owing to an assault committed by Bastford W. Sick, of South Carolina, on Mr Jacob Stanwood, of Massachusetts. Mr. Stanwood had been out visiting, and on his return, at a late hour, to the hotel, found a friend, from the Eastward, and Vick in angry conversation on the Brooks affair. Mr. Stanwood took his friend by the arm, and led him from the room, but soon afterwards returned for a light, when he was accosted by Vick, who demanded of Mr. Stanwood if he wished to take up his friend's quarrel. Mr. S. replied that he had nothing to say to him (V.), and turned away to get a lamp. While in the act of lighting this, Vick approached him from behind, and struck him stealthily a blow with a stick, upon the back of his head, inflicting a severe wound. Mr. Stanwood's injuries prevented him from at once appearing against Vick, but the latter was subsequently bound over in the sum of $300, to appear and answer to a charge of assault and battery, at the General Sessions, on the 25th inst.

FUGITIVE SLAVE EXCITEMENT IN BOSTON.—On July 16th, at Boston, Joseph Williams, a fugitive slave, who had escaped on board the brig Growler, arrived from Mobile, and jumped overboard while the captain was attempting to secure him, in order that he might be returned. He was secured again, however, when the Vigilance Committee getting wind of the affair, issued a writ of habeas corpus. The case occasioned great excitement. Finally, no claimant appearing for Williams, Judge Metcalf told him he was free to go where he pleased. The decision was received with great applause. Williams was then hurried off by his friends, and sent in the first train towards Canada.

☞ A great many human beings dig their graves with their teeth.

NOTES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

NO. 1.

[After the editorial in another column, respecting "Things in the North," was in print, we received the following from an occasional editorial contributor, going into the subject in greater detail. As the two articles are essentially different, we have thought it not improper to give both.]

We have just returned from a little tour, so entirely pleasant, and signally beneficial, as to impress upon us forcibly the wisdom of travelling. Indeed, it is not easy to exaggerate the good it may do. Wordsworth calls the skylark a

"Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

It is all very well—nothing could be truer or prettier so long as one *can* soar; but when the small daily cares of life become, as they often do, fetters upon the wings of the spirit, and body and soul are sinking under their harrassing Lilliputian attacks, then, take our assurance, it is well to try a little roaming.

Our party of five drove to town in the dusk of early morning to take the five o'clock train for Elmira. There is something inspiriting in rising before light to begin a journey, especially in the cool freshness of a summer morning. The drowsy cattle in the fields, and the cheep of early birds, give you the pleasant feeling of being in advance of things generally; and this sense of superiority grows upon you as you roll briskly along with the road to yourself, and count the number of miles accomplished as the daylight slowly breaks.

The cars soon whirled us far from town, and wilder woods and higher hills heralded the mountains we were rapidly nearing. "Thank God for the mountains!" we repeated, with kindled eye and dilating soul, as they passed before us like a vision long looked-for, long desired. Of all the beneficent ministrations of nature, give us these!—the air and the spirit of the hills. Freedom and life are there. That grand uprising of the earth toward the sky bears us with it; the care-enthralled spirit flutters out of bondage and feels that God indeed is near.

It is a bold and wonderful work, this mountain road, sweeping on its level way over, or under, or around the hills like the resistless march of an immaterial thing; now whirling the train through a pitch-dark tunnel, now spiriting us from one mountain top to another on a bridge of dizzy height above the abyss it crosses, now winding around the side of the mountain, giving us the most ravishing views of the country far below. A fellow tourist, Mr. A., of Philadelphia, had with him a glass that caught within the compass of a four inch frame these charming views, and reflected them as perfect pictures, true to every least shade and color of the landscape—sky and cloud, and rock, and water, and foliage, an exquisite miniature of nature's face, with the unapproachable beauty of reality. It was a sight to make an artist throw aside his brushes in disgust.

Long black trains of cars, ridges of black dust on the mountain sides, and a general blackness everywhere, told that we had mounted to the coal region. It was a spectacle of man's audacity—this tearing out the bowels of the majestic mountain to feed his kitchen fires. To the speculator in coal, Tamaqua may seem commonplace enough, but to us it had a wild, wierd look, like the dark face of a witch, up in the pure heights of ether through unlawful arts.

We reached Elmira about 4 o'clock, very weary with so many hours travel, and with the jolting of the cars; and the comfortable accommodations of Heights Hotel were most welcome. So refreshing were they that after tea we walked out to view the town. The number of neat, tasteful houses with flag-stone walks, and trees and flowers about them, and the general neatness of the place, soon drew from our party the unanimous opinion that Elmira was a very pretty place. For ourselves its great charm is the belt of hills that encircle it—thickly wooded hills with deep gorges veining them here and there, suggesting the picturesque beauty of the darkly shaded ravine, and the clear stream dancing over its rocky bed. There was endless pleasure in watching the lights and shadows sweep over those hills; a delightful exhilaration as Walsh says,

"Better than music, or a feast, or medicine,"

in the air that was wafted from them.

The next morning we took a carriage to visit the Water Cure, which is under the care of Dr. and Mrs. Gleason. This establishment stands high on a hillside, and commands from its front piazza a wide and charming view. The numerous patients that have found there that first of earthly blessings, health, bear testimony to the medical skill of the proprietors; but it seemed to us as we stood on that piazza, that the pure, invigorating air we were breathing, was not the least important among the curative means employed.

After showing us the arrangements of the water cure, Mrs. Gleason conducted us to her own peculiar retreat, a little cottage, which the Doctor's romantic taste has hung like a bird's nest over the deep ravine. A ramble, or rather scramble down and up this wildly beautiful ravine, finished our visit. It needs but little intercourse with the lady of this establishment to enable us to understand the reverential love which she inspires. Her restored patients leave her with blessings in their hearts upon the skillful and faithful physician, while even the transient visitor can see in her one of the loveliest women that ever lived out before the world the beauty of a Christian life.

The College for young ladies at Elmira, is in its plan, a model institution, aiming at the complete education of the pupils. It adds to the general routine of school culture such participation in the labors of the house as shall give practical efficiency in domestic matters. Thus supplies a deficiency, long felt and lamented in boarding-school education, and we do not see why it should not be eminently successful. The building is a noble one, with, however, one defect—a most important one, the want of proper ventilation in the young ladies' chambers.

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer—
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit:
The first true gentleman, that ever breathed.
—*Cowper*, 1530.

☞ A wealthy doctor who can help a poor man, and will not without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to supply his necessities.—*Steele*.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. SANER, EXCHANGE HOTEL
No. 79 Dock Street.

Meats.			
Beef—Roast, Prime	25	a	30
Corn. "	18	a	20
Sirloin, Steaks "	18	a	20
Rump do "	14	a	15
Corned Beef, Rump, "	10	a	13
Do Plate, "			
Smoked do do "	13	a	15
Beef Tongues each	50	a	75
Mutton "	10	a	15
Lamb " quarter	$1,25	a	50
Veal "	12½	a	16
Veal " or "	10	a	11
Do Cutlets "	12½	a	14
Pork—Fresh "	8	a	10
Salt "	8	a	10
Hams "	10	a	16
Young Pigs each	$1,50	a	2,00
Sausages "	12½		
Lard "	10	a	12½
Tripe "	5		
Poultry and Game.			
Spring Chickens " pair	31½	a	$1,00
Chickens " pair	$1,00	a	1,50
Ducks, Tame, (young)	75	a	$1,25
Squab Pigeons " pair	31	a	37
Turkeys (scarce)	$1,75	a	2,50
English Snipe " pair	25	a	37
Rabbits "	12½	a	25
Miscellaneous.			
Green Butter, prime "	25	a	31
Common do "	20	a	25
Roll do "	20	a	25
Eggs " doz	18	a	25
Buckwheat " cake	1	a	2
Flour,			
Catfish " bunch	8	a	12½
Fresh Salmon "	20	a	37
Halibut "	7	a	8
Fresh Codfish "	6	a	8
Perch " bunch	12½	a	25
Pinnonders "	6	a	8
Eels " bunch	12½	a	25
Salt Mackerel each	10	a	15
Hucklefish "	6	a	10
Terrapins " doz	$5,00	a	6,00
Green Turtle "	10½	a	15
Snappers "	5	a	8
Rockfish "	10	a	12
Shellfish—Oysters " thousand	$1,00	a	2,50
Clams " thous	$2,00	a	3,00
Lobsters "	5	a	10
Crabs " doz	25	a	37
Soft Crabs "	1,50	a	2,00
Vegetables.			
Green Peas " basket			31a50
Green Corn " doz			25a50
Potatoes, waste "			
Do new "			31a1,25
Sweet " bus			$1,00a1,25
Turnips " basket			31 a 37
Celery " bunch (scarce)	12	a	25
Parsnips " basket	31	a	37
Squash, very fine, each	2	a	5
Onions, onions " bunch	1		
Spinach " quart	6	a	10
Lima Beans " qt	12½	a	15
Carrots " bunch	3	a	6
Beets " bunch	10	a	12½
Oyster Plants "	10	a	12½
Cabbage " head	2	a	5
Tomatoes " basket			$1,25a1,75
Fruit—Apples, prime " bbl			$3,00a4,50
Cranberries do do			$14,00a16,00
Rhubarb " bunch	5	a	12½
Gooseberries " qt	10	a	12½
New Currants "	8	a	12½
Cherries "	8	a	12
Green Apples " bus			75a1,00
Raspberry, " box	10	a	25
Huckleberry, " quart			12½
Blackberries, " quart			12½

The supplies of Farm Products are still quite moderate, and prices of all kinds keep high; Fruits are rather more abundant, without much change in quotations; Butter continues scarce,

☞ A "PRIVATE" HINT.—To show the relative positions in life of members of yeomanry corps, the following anecdote may be cited:—A regiment in the North, recently on permanent duty, were going through their movements, when a private not suiting his sergeant, the latter bawled out, "Private Jackson, if you don't pay more attention I shall report you." The private rejoined, "Aye, du if thou dar, an' aw'll raise thee' thy rent." The effect may be imagined.—*Carlisle Journal, Eng.*

☞ WORK.—"There is," says Carlyle, "a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work." Nothing else can elevate manhood, say what you will. In business, politics, literature, religion, we must work if we would be anything, or do anything.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 108 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull:

Loans.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 per ct	102	103½
" "	107	115
" "	108	113½
" "	108	108½
1st off		
Phila 6 per ct	92	93
" new	97½	98½
" 5 "		82
Cam City 6 per ct	93	—
Phila 6 per ct	94	95
" " coupon	93	97½
Allegheny 6 per ct " county	87½	88½
Alls on P R R's	83	85
" " coupon	83½	89
Penn 6 per ct	94½	95
" 5 "	—	78
" " coupon	—	80
Kentucky 6 per ct	101	103
Penn RR 6 per ct	87½	88
2d m'rt loan '83	85	87½
C & Am RR 6 per ct	79½	81
Reg Mex RR "	100	—
P G & N RR "	80	88
Reading RR "	84½	85
" Mort "	93	97½
R & Lan RR "	92	94
P & S RR 7 "	78	79
Cat Va R "	93	98
Penn RR "	86	90
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 per ct	82	83
Long I RR "	71	74½
Sch Nav '82 "	72½	74
Lehigh Nav "	84½	85
Morris "	95½	97
C & D Ci "	87	88
Sus & Tid '78 "	86	87
Railroad Stocks.		
Cam & Amboy	118	120
Penna	49	49½
Sea Meadow	53½	53½
North Penna	14½	15½
Phil Ger & Nor	51½	52
Reading	45½	46
" preferred	—	50
Minehill	65½	66
Har & Lan	5½	5½
Chester Valley	4	5
" pref	30	—
" preferred	30	34
P W & Balt	29½	30
Long Island	13½	14
Canal Stocks.		
Schuyl Nav	20½	21
" preferred	30½	30½
Lehigh Nav	76	76½
Morris	14½	15
" preferred	16½	16½
C & Del	—	82
Union	8½	9½
Sus & Tidewater	21	11½
Bank Stocks.		
North Amer	132	—
Penna	115½	116
Philada	126	130
Far & Mec	63	65½
Commercial	53½	54
N Liberty	50	55
Mechanics	29	29½
Bethlehem	80	—
P Township	61½	62
Kensington	45	48
Girard	11½	11½
Western	70	71
Man & Mech	30	32
Commerce	93	96
Tradesman's	60	—
City	83½	84
Consolidation	20½	20½
United States	—	74
Pittsburg	58	—
M & M Penn	60	62
Kens & Penn	30	—
Kentucky	107	108
Northern, Ky	103	112
Louisville, Ky	107½	110
Farmers, Ky	100	100
Union, N'ash, Tenn	100	—
Plant's, Tenn	95	100
Com & R Vicks	5	6
N O Gas Lt	117	—

NEW YORK MARKET.

FLOUR, &c.—A buoyant and active market for Western Canal Flour, shippers have purchased freely, and prices may be quoted 10c better on the low grades. The trade have purchased liberally, and the better grades are firmly held with a moderate supply. The sales are 18,000 bbls at $5,50a6,10 for common to good State; $6,15a6,30 for common to fair extra State; $6,35a7,25 for fair to very good extra Ohio, and $6,90a8,75 for St Louis brands; Canadian Flour is steady; the arrivals light, and the inquiry is moderate; the sales are 500 bbls at $6,35a8,00 for common extra brands; superfine is scarce. Southern Flour is offered sparingly, with a fair demand; light grades; sales 1,500 bbls at $7,75a8,00 for mixed to good brands, and $8,00a8,75 for favorite, fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is firm and in better demand; sales of 400 bbls at $5,75a6,25 for fine and superfine. Corn Meal is more active; sales of 1,200 bbls at $3,56a3,60 for Brandywine.

GRAIN—A lively demand for Wheat for export, and with a good assortment of prices have ruled. The transactions exceed 100,000 bush at prices about one cent in favor of Southern. The sales are 1,500 bus good red Missouri at $1,42, and 2,500 bus white do $1,70; 6,000 bus red Milwaukie at $1,40a1,42½; 3,000 bushels red Racine at $1,33; 3,400 bush white Indiana at $1,45; 2,500 bus common white Genesee at $1,60; 5,000 bus red Illinois at $1,32; 37,000 bush white do at $1,50a1,60; 200 bus red Indiana at $1,42; 3,000 bus white Southern at $1,50a1,52; 42,000 bus white Canadian at $1,60a1,80; and 12,000 bus do at $1,85a1,90. Rye is firm; prime is not plenty and is wanted; sales of 3,000 bus at 1c. Oats are firm and in good demand, with a moderate stock; sales of some at 46a48c, and Western at 45c. Corn is irregular; prime white and yellow are very scarce and wanted; Mixed are quiet; the sales are 22,000 bus at 84a86c for inferior to prime mixed Western, 82a86c for yellow; 86a90c for white Southern, and choice do, for the West Indies, at 92c.

WHISKEY—The market is unsettled, and is dull at 40 for Ohio and Penna.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork is less active and with fewer offerings prices are steady; sales of 250 bbls are $17,50 at $18 for Prime; $17,50a17,75 for prime mess and $20a20,50 for Mess. Beef is in fair request for the trade, and firm; sales of 140 bbls at $7,50a8 for Country Prime; $8,50a9 for Mess; and $9a11 for repacked Mess. Prime Mess is dull and nominal at $15a17. Beef Hams are in fair demand; sales of 150 bbls at $14,50. Bacon is lower; small supply of Western cured at 12c. Cut Meats are very quiet at 9½ for Shoulders, and 10½ for Hams. Lard is in moderate supply and somewhat easier; sales of 300 bbls and tcs at 11½ for strictly prime, now held higher; and 900 bbls Lard at about 11½. Butter is in fair demand in less plenty, and is higher; sales of 400 at 15a20c, and Ohio at 14a18c. Cheese is saleable at 7a9½.

HOPS—The market for new remains quiet. Holders refuse to yield. We continue to quote Prime for common to choice; strictly prime would command 15c here about 15c.

COFFEE—Holders of Rio are firm in their views, which, however, are not generally responded to by buyers, though the demand from the trade is moderate.

WOOL—The market for Native Fleeces and Pulled has been exceedingly active during the past week or ten days, and considerable sales have been effected on manufacturing account—the transactions comprise 300,000 pounds, chiefly fine Fleece (for De Laine purposes) at 45c; 50,000 fine Merinos do at 38c, 6 months; 200,000 lbs common to medium do at from 37½a38c; 30,000 lbs coarse to fine do at from 35a36c; 75,000 sixty and seventy do at from 40a42c; 50,000 lbs do at 43c; 30,000 lbs No 1 pulled county at 34a35c; also Reading extra at 39c; 10,000 lbs old city pulled super extra at 50 cts. The receipts have been more liberal, and dealers are now busily engaged in "sorting." Manufacturing Agents and Dealers have now returned from the country and are purchasing all they can obtain at fair prices, but they do not want the particulars made known as usual, they will, however, we hope, please excuse us for giving the full particulars. Foreign is in moderate demand, the qualities are firm, but the low grades are lower, owing in a measure to the reduction in rates at the Liverpool Wool sales to below unwashed Buenos Ayres at 10½c ₱ lb, and 150 bales washed Buenos Ayres, Entre Rios, &c., on private terms.

July 21.—Flour is heavy, sales of 8,500 bbls. Wheat is firm; sales of 20,000 bus at $1,36a1,37 for Southern red and $1,70 for white. Corn is firmer; sales of 70,000 bus at 85c for Western mixed at 86c. Pork is declined; sales of 250 bbls at $17,50. Beef is dull; sales of 200 bbls. Lard is buoyant; sales of 300 bbls at 12c. Whiskey is easier; sales of 100 bbls.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings of Beef Cattle at the New Drove Yard, "Bull's Head," reached only 700 head during the past week; about 100 head were left over, and the market closed dull. The following are the particulars of the sales:—

65	head of Virginia, middling quality, sold by Scott & Kimball at		$5a10
22	" Delaware Co., fine quality, Jas. Cochran,		$7a8
25	" Ohio, good quality, Jas. Cochran,		$6a7½
30	" Augusta, good quality, John Todd,		$7a8½
111	" Ohio, good quality, Ben. Schoderaffle,		$6a6½
84	" " ordinary quality, Ben. Schoderaffle,		$5a6½
90	" Virginia, extra quality, Philip Hathaway,		$7a8
15	" Ohio, common quality, Philip Hathaway,		$5a6
200	" Chester, mixed quality, different persons,		$5a6½

At Gray's Drove Yard the offerings consist of 220 Beef Cattle, all of which were disposed of as follows:—

20 Ken. and Tenn., middling quality, sold by Abrams & Blackmand, $3 a10½
20 Chester county, good quality, sold by Adam Rittenbaugh at 8½a9½
40 Ohio, good quality, sold by Adam Rittenbaugh at 9½a10
do do do H. Vanleer, 9 a10½
12 Chester Co. do do A. Kennedy, 10
20 do ordinary quality, various parties, 8½a9½

The offerings of Cows and Calves at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge avenue, were about 250 head, most of which were sold as follows:—Cows and Calves at $40a60, Springers $40a50, and Feeders at $15a25.

About 1000 Hogs arrived at Singer's Yard this week. The demand was brisk, and all at market sold at $7½a8 for still fed, and 9½a10 for corn fed. Of sheep and Lambs the offerings at the different yards consists of about 4000 head, prices ranging at $2 head for the former, and $2,50a3,50 for the latter, according to condition.

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves.
Pennsylvania,	252
Carolina,	244
Ohio,	221
Kentucky,	51
Total Beeves,	1442
Cows and Calves,	250
Hogs,	2000
Sheep and Lambs,	4500

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour Market is quiet and not much disposition to purchase at the figures asked. Stock moderate but ample accommodating. Shippers are holding off. A sale of 200 bbls favorite brand Howard Street at $6,—closing dull. Also 200 bbls Ohio Mills fresh ground from new wheat, at $7. Old held at $6,76. Ohio nominal at the same price. No sales since Change.

FAMILY AND EXTRA FLOUR.—We note sales of Family at $6 50; Extra do at $6,75; Howard Street and Ohio Family at $7,25a8; Extra do $7a7,25. A sale of 100 bbls Howard Street extra at $7,25.

RYE FLOUR.—We quote last at $3,50a3,62½ per bbl. Demand moderate.

CORN MEAL.—We quote Country at $2,50, and City do $2 ₱ bbl. Market quiet.

GRAIN—WHEAT—Receipts were quite large, reaching in all about 18,000 bushels. Shippers and millers purchase freely—prices steady. Sales of white, fair qualities at $1,54a1,55; good to prime do $1,60a1,65; and choice for family flour $1,67a1,72; red fair to very good $1,50a1,55; good to prime do $1,56a1,57c.

CORN—There were 11,000 bus offered and sales of white at 85a86c. Yellow declinable for good to prime. Some ordinary lots sold at less.

OATS—There were 2,000 bus offered, and sales at 39a40c ₱ bus.

RYE—We note sales of 1,100 bus Pennsylvania at 72c; Maryland nominal at 68c.

July 21st.—The Flour market is steady. Wheat is unchanged. Corn very irregular. Sales of white at 84a86c, and yellow at 83a86 per bus.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market, 1,175 Cattle—Beeves 1,200, Steers 75, Sheep and Lambs 3,000, and Swine 500.

The following were the prices:—

Market Head—Extra $6,75; first quality $6,50; second do $6; third do $5,50a5,75.

Working Oxen—none.

Milch Cows—$35, 371, 40a46.

Veal Calves—$4, 4,50, 5a7.

Yearlings—none; two years old none; three years old $30, 35.

Sheep—

Hides 7½c ₱ lb.

Calf Skins 10c ₱ lb.

Tallow 6½c ₱ lb.

Pelts—25c each.

Swine—Wholesale 7c; retail 8a9c.

Remarks—Beef mostly small, but a few large Oxen selling quite at an advance of 1c ₱ cwt on last week's prices. Swine have also advanced ½ ₱ cwt, owing to the small number in market.

Number of cars over the different roads—Western 21, Fitchburg 66, Lowell 21, Boston and Maine 42, loaded with Hogs, Sheep and Cattle.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

The receipts of Beef Cattle continue to be large, and the market is drooping. There were no head offered at the scales, 2 to 3 of which were driven to Philadelphia, 50 were sold to dealers from the country, 25 were left over unsold, and the balance (475 head) were taken by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $5,25a5,83 on the hoof, equal to $6 0a9 net, and averaging $4,12 gross. The average price in 1855 ₱ 100 lbs below the average of last

APPALLING ACCIDENT

Near Philadelphia.

One of the most frightful railroad accidents that has ever happened in this country occurred on the North Pennsylvania railroad on the morning of the 17th of July. An excursion party, said to number over six hundred persons, most of whom were children, and residents of the old district of Kensington—set out, under the direction of the Sunday School of Saint Michael's (Catholic) church, to pic-nic at Fort Washington, a spot distant some 14½ miles from the city. The train, which consisted of twelve cars, a baggage car, a locomotive and tender, left the Philadelphia depot at about 5 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Alfred F. Hopple was the conductor.

The train proceeded at a rather slow rate for some miles, owing to the great weight to be drawn. Then, fearful that he would not reach the station in time for the down train, Mr. Hopple ordered an increase of speed, and as the train approached Dewey's Lane, which is about 12½ miles from the city, it was running at quite a rapid rate. Still, no accident was apprehended, as the rules of the road required the down train to wait fifteen minutes at the station, and if the up train did not then appear, to send a man on horseback, with a flag, ahead, to give notice that the train was coming.

The regular train for the city left Gwynned at 6 o'clock and 14 minutes, the conductor being Mr. Wm. Vanstavoren. At eighteen minutes after six o'clock the train reached Fort Washington station. Finding that the excursion train had not arrived, Mr. Vanstavoren determined to proceed slowly. He was cautioned, it is alleged, that he was ahead of time, but maintained that he was not, and the train went on. Thus, then, the excursion train was approaching the curve at Dewey's Lane at a rapid rate, while the down train was coming at an ordinary rate of speed—and neither conductor was anticipating any trouble—when there was a sudden shriek of the steam whistle and a turning down of breaks—all too late. The engine of the excursion train thundered around the curve and plunged into the opposing train with an awful crash. A scene ensued that baffles all attempts at description.

The three foremost cars of the excursion train, with their precious burden of human life, were crushed to pieces upon the locomotive and tender, and while a large number of the occupants were instantly killed, and mangled in a horrible manner, the shrieks of the wounded—and of those who, though unhurt, cried out in an agony of dread—sent a thrill of terror to the hearts of all who heard them that can never be forgotten. To add to the horrors of the scene, the broken engine set fire to the cars of the excursion train, and a number of the passengers who were unable to get out, were actually roasted alive!

Lines of men were formed, who speedily procured buckets and axes, with which they endeavored to extinguish the flames and rescue the unfortunate passengers. The fire raged with fury, however, and utterly defied the exertions of these persons, who were compelled to witness the shocking spectacle of men, women and children being burned to death, without having it in their power to extend any aid.

The aspect of the wreck of the cars, lit up by the flames, and made ghastly by the projection of mangled limbs, is described as having been terrific.

The down train suffered considerably by the collision. It had aboard about twenty passengers, who were either pitched from the platforms down an embankment of ten feet, or tumbled together so violently as to receive serious bruises. The engineer and fireman were badly hurt.

But all attention was directed to the shocking mass of wreck, death and misery, among the remains of the Excursion train. As the number of assistants increased, the flames were more vigorously assailed, and large numbers of wounded were extricated and placed by the roadside. Persons were sent to the nearest farm-houses, and the country people hastened, with all the appliances at hand, to the scene of horror. Finally the flames of the burning cars were extinguished, principally through the aid of the Chestnut Hill Fire Company.

Measures were then taken for attending to the wounded, and removing the remains found among the ruins.

Now came a fresh series of horrors. Eleven men, women and children had been burned to death in one car. They were caught under one of the sides and roasted, so that the remains when extricated presented a shocking spectacle. The mangled remains of four men and women and a child were dug from beneath the engine and tender. The remains of an infant were found under the ruins of the engine, in the ash-pan. The remains of six other bodies were taken out of the ashes and ranged side by side on the grass.

Bodies were found heaped together, and so dreadfully burned, that it was impossible to tell whether they were men or women. Others were entirely consumed, nothing being left of them but a few handfuls of charred bones. Legs, and arms and heads, were to be seen protruding from the flaming mass, here and there. The spectacle was enough to daze the beholder.

A second down train arriving at the scene of the disaster about seven o'clock, brought fresh assistants to the sufferers. Physicians came hurrying in from all directions.

The wounded were conveyed to whatever shelter the place afforded.

The people around the neighborhood hastened to the dreadful scene, and by every means in their power, assisted in the relief of the sufferers. Fortunately, there was a quantity of ice and ice-cream on the train; this was given to the latter, and refreshed them greatly.

Meanwhile, at about nine o'clock, the news reached the city, and the excitement, especially in Kensington, was extreme. Parents and other relatives of those who had gone upon the excursion, hurried to the various stations, and immense crowds collected at every point where the slightest information could be obtained. No train was sent off until ten o'clock, and then every available place upon it was crowded. A number of physicians were among the throng. Handcars were pressed into the service, and the police had great difficulty in keeping even these aids under the control of the officers of the company—such was the eagerness of all sorts of people to get to the scene of the calamity.

The depot was crowded with men, women and children, many of them weeping bitterly with apprehension of the fate that had befallen their relatives, when the first train from the scene of disaster arrived with a large number of bodies on board—most of which were the remains of children—so mangled that they could scarcely be recognized. Upon the same train were a number of the surviving children, and while one group of mothers were almost frantic with grief, as they beheld the mangled bodies of their children, another could be seen crying with joy as they clasped those who had been spared.

The number of the dead and wounded is not yet definitively known. The dead at present number nearly seventy; the number of the wounded is over one hundred, and among these are many so hurt that they are not expected to survive. Many of the dead are, of course, totally unrecognizable. Among the killed was the Rev. Daniel Sheridan, of Saint Michael's church. He was crushed in a dreadful manner between two cars, and his remains much burned before they could be extricated.

The conductor of the excursion train, Mr. Hopple, had his leg broken, and the engineer was instantly killed.

Mr. William Vanstavoren, the conductor of the down train, whose violation of the rules of the road is alleged to have caused this appalling calamity, reached his residence in this city a short time after the accident, and took to his bed, in which, about five o'clock in the afternoon, he was found dead. He had killed himself with arsenic.

This dreadful affair is now undergoing investigation. Nothing has ever happened in this State to equal it. The homely horror of its details is not matched by the burning of the New Jersey, or the terrible accident on the Camden and Amboy railroad. It is another chapter added to the long and tragic list of American casualties, which will surely continue so long as the reckless disregard of possible danger manifested in the arrangements of our means of public conveyance, is suffered to continue.

A solemn celebration of high mass was held on the 19th of July, at Saint Michael's Church, over the remains of the unfortunate Father Sheridan and several of his fellow-victims, which were then interred.

We append the running instructions of the railroad for the day on which the accident occurred:—

TRANSPORTATION OFFICE, July 16, 1856.

WM. SHULTZ, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—The following are the arrangements for running excursion trains to-morrow:

Excursion No. 1, leave Master street at 5 o'clock, A. M., and run to Ft. Washington, with a clear track, by 6, A. M. Returning, follow flag of 6.15 train from Ft. W., and arrive at Master street at 10, A. M.

Excursion No. 2, leave Master street at 8.03, A. M., and follow flag of regular train to Ft. W. The engine will follow same train to Gwynedd, turn, and follow back to Ft. W.

RETURNING.

Excursion No. 1, leave Ft. W. at 5.30, P. M., and run to Master street, with clear track, by 6.30, P. M. Returning, follow 6.47 train to Ft. W. Excursion No. 2 leave Ft. W. at 8.00, P. M., and run, with clear track, to Master street by 8.30.

The train carrying flag for Excursion will keep off track at passing places. Extra precaution to be taken by conductors and engineers carrying following a flag, to prevent collision. Opposing train will wait 15 minutes on flag for Excursion train, then proceed at usual speed, keeping 15 minutes behind. Should excursion train get more than 15 minutes behind, it must be kept out of way of regular trains.

A. H. FRUCKER, Mast. Trans.

Since the disaster, the following card from the Directors of the Company has appeared in the public prints:—

A CARD FROM THE RAILROAD COMPANY.

The Directors of the North Pennsylvania Railroad Company have published the following card:—

Office of the North Penna. Railroad Co., July 18, 1856.

CARD—TO THE PUBLIC: The President and Directors of the North Pennsylvania Railroad Company have learned, with the deepest regret, the disaster which occurred on their road, near Fort Washington, on yesterday, the 17th inst.

There has not been time to investigate fully the causes of the melancholy event, and it would, therefore, be premature for the Board to express an opinion upon that subject. They lose no time, however, in expressing, as they do thus publicly and emphatically, their heartfelt sympathy with the sufferers by this awful casualty, their families, and friends. The officers of the Company, in the emergency, sudden and startling as it was, endeavoured to do all in their power to mitigate suffering, and supply the necessities of the injured; and the Directors pledge themselves to a continuance of active benevolence, with the hope that in this way some alleviation to this distressing calamity may be furnished to the afflicted.

The Directors had, by their regulations, if carried out, prevented the possibility of such an occurrence as that which has just produced such painful results, and had supposed that their careful provisions in the premises would have saved their road from visitations which have befallen so many of the railroads in the United States. The wisest provisions, however, sometimes fail of success in the hands of human agents, and when casualties occur it seems the urgent duty of those interested, while thoroughly investigating the cause, with the view of a full statement of the facts to the people, to devise and carry out measures to relieve the misfortunes of the sufferers, and thus satisfy the demands of Christian charity. To this present duty the Board of Directors now address themselves.

By order of the Board,
EDWARD ARMSTRONG, *Secretary.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

VIRGINIA.—The Convention of the Old Line Whigs of Virginia assembled in Metropolitan Hall, at Richmond, on the 16th of July. Wm. H. McFarland was temporarily appointed President. Forty-one counties and cities were represented by 121 delegates.

Several speeches were made, and among them one by Mr. MacFarland, and another by Alexander Rives, a brother of Hon. Wm. C. Rives, who spoke strongly in behalf of Mr. Fillmore, praised his administration, and declared that the Democratic party was not national, but had been sectionalized by the Cincinnati Convention; that its platform is a Slobbering one, and that the Whig party is the only true national party, and that after the Presidential election, the American party would find it necessary to fall back into the traces of the National Whigs.

In the afternoon, three more counties were reported as represented by 20 delegates.

Wyndham Robinson, of Washington county, was chosen President, with eight Vice-Presidents, and five Secretaries.

Mr. Robinson, on taking the chair, made a speech, briefly reviewing and comparing the Whig and Democratic parties.

The Committee reported on a resolution previously offered by Mr. Harper, of Augusta, and referred to them, declaring the Convention to be composed of Whigs who acknowledge no other political ties or affinities; that the call for the Convention was clear enough to be understood to exclude all not claiming to be Whigs.

On motion of Mr. McFarland, a Committee of Thirteen was appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the views of the Convention.

HON. WM. L. GOGGIN, supported the claims of Mr. Fillmore, warmly opposed Mr. Buchanan, and denounced the Cincinnati platform.

The Convention then adjourned to the following day.

On the 17th, the Convention re-assembled, and, pending the report of the resolutions, several members made speeches for Fillmore and Donelson.

The resolutions set forth that the condition of the country calls upon the Whig party to exert its power for the safety of the Union. They declare in substance that the Whigs of Virginia are free to select from among the candidates for the Presidency already nominated, but in making the selection they do not merge themselves with that party whose candidate they adopt, but will preserve their distinctive principles. They denounce the Republican party, and declare the pretensions of their candidate unfit to be considered in a national contest.

They declare that the Democrats, in nominating Gen. Pierce, caused all the agitation of slavery, he having, contrary to his pledges, given countenance to agitation by disturbing, for mere party ends, the compromise that had long preserved the peace of the Union. They assert that the Democratic party has forfeited the confidence of conservative men, because by its administration it has isolated its pledges, and committed flagrant abuses and blunders in its foreign policy. They declare that no Whig can consistently support Mr. Buchanan, urging, in addition to other objections, that he sustains squatter sovereignty, and the absolute power of Congress over slavery in the Territories, and is responsible for the Ostend manifesto. They approve of the compromise of 1850, and resist the repeal of the Kansas-Nebraska act. They consider Millard Fillmore the most suitable person for the Presidency, and recommend him to the nation, but disclaim all intention of adopting the principles enunciated by the American party, and call on their brethren to support him. They propose a National Convention of Whigs, in Baltimore, on the third Wednesday of September; invite all to participate in it, and authorize the President to appoint a central Committee of Thirteen, to promote the organization of the party in the State.

The resolutions were adopted, and the President instructed to forward them to Mr. Fillmore, and to request him to accept the endorsement of the Convention. The Convention then adjourned with three cheers for Fillmore.

CONVERTED.—Judge Breckenridge, of Pittsburgh, declares himself no longer a Whig, and expresses his intention of supporting the Democratic nominee for the Presidency to the utmost of his influence and ability."

HON. HENRY WILSON denies unqualifiedly the report that at Pittsburg he expressed a preference for Gov. Johnston for the Vice Presidency.

NATHANIEL P. SAWYER, with whom the report originated that Gen. Wilson expressed a preference for ex-Governor Johnston as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, over Mr. Dayton, still persists in stating that Gen. Wilson so expressed himself. Mr. Sawyer is a prominent political friend of Gov. Johnston. The latter declared at a late ratification meeting in Allegheny city, that he does not mean to withdraw from the contest for the Vice Presidency.

MASSACHUSETTS POLITICS.—The Whig State Central Committee of Massachusetts have issued an address recommending the Whigs to avoid committing themselves at present to either of the candidates on nomination, and urging a thorough organization, with a view to the concentration of their strength hereafter, if found necessary, upon that one of the present candidates who shall appear most unobjectionable to their principles. The address closes with the averment that the first great Whig principle is unwavering fidelity to the Union and Constitution of the country.

RHODE ISLAND AMERICAN COUNCIL.—The American State Council at Providence, on July 15th, ratified the nomination of Fremont and Johnston. The attendance was thin. The Fillmore delegates withdrew before the Council proceeded to business.

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.—The Democratic Congressional caucus was held in the Senate chamber at Washington, on the 15th, Mr. Bright in the chair. It was convened only for the purpose of a free interchange of opinion concerning the Presidential election, and comparing notes relative to the prospects, and which those present considered as decidedly favorable to success.

THE WEST INDIA SUGAR CROP this season is very large. There have been sent to England and Belgium fully 30,000 hogsheads of sugar, and 1,400 hogsheads molasses, and about the same quantity to the United States. This is good news to the consumers, for every time they go to the grocers the price is raised a cent a pound. Domestic preserving of fruits is very nearly abandoned on account of the cost of sugar.

ANOTHER ASSAULT.—Mr. Hanscom, a correspondent of the New York Tribune, was assaulted at Washington, on the evening of the 16th, by Capt. Pate, for refusing to retract a statement that the latter showed the white feather in surrendering his Missourian company of 28 men to 15 Free State men in Kansas. Mr. Hanscom was not hurt. Capt. Pate ceasing his violence when his opponent had fairly assumed defence, which was instantly.

THE CALIFORNIA VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—The New York Herald says it has private advices from San Francisco, to the effect that on the 20th of June the Vigilance Committee unanimously adopted the resolution to disband on the 24th of the same month.

Col. Preston S. Brooks says, when he returns to Congress he will be compelled to pass by, as utter strangers to him, those who voted for his expulsion. During Herbert's trial at Washington, on the 19th, he came into court, and paid his fine of $300, and $85 cost.

Herbert's second trial, the jury having failed to agree in the first, is now progressing at Washington, D. C., and William P. Preston, Esq., of the Baltimore bar, is retained on behalf of the prosecution to assist the District Attorney.

NEWS FROM KANSAS.

A meeting of the Georgian emigrants, held on the 1st of July, near Kansas City, Missouri, organized itself by electing a president and vice president, and then passed a series of resolutions, declaring the necessity of establishing a colony of Georgians in Kansas to defend the institution of slavery; resolving to become such a colony; avowing that they had already done all that their purses could do to maintain Southern supremacy in the Territory; appealing to their brother Georgians for assistance now in their day of trouble; recommending to the good will of their Southern brethren, Capt. McGee of Missouri, and Capt. R. Jones of Georgia, appointed by them to canvass that State, and receive contributions in their aid; and affirming that they go to Kansas to defend and further human slavery, and that though Georgia prove recreant to her duty as a Southern State, they will not prove recreant as Southerners.

The Montgomery (Alabama) Journal prints the following extract from a letter received by one of its compositors, from a relative who went out to Kansas in Buford's company:—

FOUR MILES SOUTH OF KANSAS CITY, MO., June 22, 1856.

I have been through the "wars" in Kansas Territory, and am now perfectly tired out. I have been in one battle and several skirmishes, without receiving any personal injury except a slight bruise, received from my horse falling on me when he was killed from under me, but I received three bullet holes through my hat, and had a "stub full" of Sharpe's balls to whiz around me. I have killed two of the "dogs," and Congrove one.

The United States troops will not permit us to enter the Territory armed any more; and hence "Othello's occupation's gone." I am coming South just so soon as I can make a "raise."

Buford's expedition is unfortunate. His men are scattered all along the frontier, trying to make money enough to "carry them back to old Virginia."

This is undoubtedly the finest country in the world, without any exception; and if some of our wealthy slaveholders were to visit it once, they would emigrate with all their household.

The South ought to send 20,000 men here this fall, well armed and provisioned. If she don't begin to stir her "stumps" Kansas will be a free State, sure.

J. F. S.

The following letter from Leavenworth appears in the Chicago Tribune:—

"LEAVENWORTH CITY, Monday, July 10, 1856.

"MESSRS. EDITORS: * * * * * Yesterday a delegation of our citizens waited upon Gen. Persifer F. Smith, at his quarters at Fort Leavenworth, to lay their grievances before him, and ask his interposition as military commander of the forces in the Territory, to protect their lives and their property from the bands of armed marauders from South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, who are stationed over us at the different river towns, armed with United States arms, and supported by contributions furnished from Missouri. When asked for relief to disperse these armed military bands, as Free State men have been dispersed in the Territory, his reply is that he has no authority—that these bands are regularly enrolled as militia of the Territory, and that everything they do is done under color of law, and that we (the Free State men) have no redress except in the future, by resort to the civil powers that be!

"If the lives and property of our citizens are destroyed by these armed mobs, there is no redress for us save by application to the civil power, which, as you are well aware, has already prejudged our cases! Truly, we are in a lamentable condition. We may yet be compelled to resort to our good right arms and trusty rifles for defence!"

☞ Whoever considers the weakness of both himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness.—*Dr. Johnson.*

☞ We publish as a curiosity the following characteristic letter, received by DR J. C. AYER, of Lowell, Mass., from the "Rebel Chief," or usurping Emperor of China, in acknowledgment for quantities of his CHERRY PECTORAL and CATHARTIC PILLS, the Doctor sent him as a present.

TO DR. AYER in America—

The great curing Barbarian of the outside country.

Your present of sweet curing seeds (*Pills*) and fragrant curing drops, (*Pectoral*) of the Cherry smell, has been brought to Hugeu-Tsene—the mighty Emperor (Kwangto) of the terrible stout Ming dynasty, by the grace of heaven revived after an interval of ages—Prince of peace (Ta-ping-wang) of China, the central flowery land. He directed his powerful Mandarins to give them to the sick according to what the Interpreters read from your printed papers (*directions.*) Be profoundly happy, O wise Barbarian! for I, Yang-sen-Tsing, say it. Your curing seeds and sweet curing drops were given to the sick in his Army of the Winged-Sword, and have made them well. Be profoundly happy while you live for this is known to the Mighty Emperor of China, who approves your skill, and permits you to send more of your curing medicines for his fierce armies of myriads of men.

They may be given to Chiang Lin, Chief Mandarin of the Red Button at Shanghai, who will repay you with Tea or Silk or Gold.

The high Mandarins of China, have heard of your great knowledge, surpassing all other Foreigners, even aspiring to equal the keen wisdom of our own healing teachers, who make remedies that cure instantly. We are glad to know you bow in trembling terror before our Mighty Emperor.

Written by YANG-SEU-TSING,
Minister-in-chief of the restored Imperial Ming Dynasty, destined by the heavenly wisdom to rule in China.

(Translated by the American Consulate at Hong Kong, China, 24 May 1855.)

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CAMP POINT, Surry Co., Va.

DR. SETH S. HANCE—I was in Baltimore in April, 1854, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat inclined to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward me two boxes. I suppose you can forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours respectfully,

M. P. SLEDGE.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address Seth S. Hance, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24.

SEARS' "PICTORIAL DOMESTIC BIBLE" is a neat quarto, with broad marginal pages—the type is clear and handsome—the paper smooth and white—the binding is strong and substantial—the Engravings about ONE THOUSAND—the Marginal References are Fifty Thousand. There is an elegant engraved Map of Palestine—a steel engraved Family Record, &c., &c., &c. Altogether, we should think it a suitable present for a Father to present to his Family, or a Present to his child on the wedding-day;—and for operatives to their employers, as a token of their respect and regard.

We commend this book to our numerous readers. The weekly saving of 25 cents for six months will procure a copy; and if any of our young men are out of employment at present, they cannot do more for the cause of morality, and the interests of religion, than to procure a copy of the Bible, and a subscription book, (which last can be sent per mail,) and display it to his friends and acquaintances. Here is occupation of a moral and religious character, which, if properly followed, will secure a present and future reward. The retail price of the work is SIX DOLLARS, substantially bound in the best embossed leather binding. Published and sold by ROBERT SEARS, 181 William Street, New York.

☞ For further particulars see advertisement, headed "THE BEST BOOK FOR AGENTS." 11

CAUTION.—Coughs, Colds and affections of the Lungs prevail amongst our people to an extent wholly unknown in Europe, and if neglected, often assume a dangerous form.—Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is the remedy in such cases.

EXCITEMENT AT CAPE MAY.—An exciting scene took place last week at one of the principal hotels at Cape May. A young gentleman who had just reached the island, missed his trunk, and he became very much excited at his loss, because (as rumor said) it contained jewels and money of great value. The trunk afterwards turned up, when its owner, with a look of triumph, exhibited the pearl of price it contained, to wit: A suit of elegant clothing purchased at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 605 and 607 Chestnut Street.

IN 1745 FIVE ARMED FRENCH VESSELS were sunk off Cape Breton. Some enterprising Yankees have lately succeeded in recovering a portion of the wreck, amounting to dollars and cents to about $3000. Further explorations are contemplated, and the enterprising party anticipate a fortune. Should they succeed, and locate in Philadelphia, they will doubtless patronize the magnificent clothing store of Granville Stokes, No. 200 Chestnut Street.

REJOICE, ye blind! exult, ye deaf; ye dizzy-headed sing; Shout, bronchial sufferers, shout; to Durno offerings bring; For he will heal your maladies, drive all disease away, With choicest Sarsaparilla Durno Snuff, the medicine of the day.

CONSUMPTIVES READ THE FOLLOWING:

I have found your EXPECTORANT a valuable article in a very troublesome, persistent cough that I have had for many years, which depended on a disposition of the Bronchia to take a morbid action, causing changes in the weather. It has been relieved by LESS THAN A BOTTLE. I opened the bottle for the benefit of an infant child, whose lungs were laboring under an engorgement of mucus—after premising an emetic at first, I have found the Expectorant sufficient ever since—a portion of the bottle cured my cough. I am now giving it to a relative who has a predisposition to ASTHMA, whose health is improving under its use. The improved weather no doubt a favorable influence—but I shall persevere in its use.

Signed D. LAUDERDALE,
Winnsboro, Fairfield Dist., So. Ca.

JAYNE'S LIQUID HAIR DYE will instantaneously change the Hair from ANY OTHER COLOR to a BEAUTIFUL BLACK without injury to the skin.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 84 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. my17-4t

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 69 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. jn7-4t

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
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S. W. PEASE & Co., 28 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati.
S. RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
E. SIMMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—Seventy-five cents a line for the first insertion. Sixty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage Notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. OLIVER P. BALDWIN, to Miss L. ELVIRA LEWIS, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. William Barns, Mr. GEORGE C. RUSICAN, to Miss MARTHA LARSON, both of this city.

On the 14th of April, by the Rev. Conrad Dunfield, Mr. GEORGE M. BRYANT, to Miss SUSAN A. REITH, both of Pennsylvania.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Joseph R. Rennard, Mr. LIVINGSTON R. SHEWELL, to Miss SERENETTA M. WILDS, daughter of Benj. G. S. Wilds, Esq. both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. T. J. Shephard, Mr. GEORGE PETERSON, formerly of Allegheny city, to Miss MARY E. STONE, of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. E. F. Rogers, Mr. ROBERT E. FLEMING, to Miss MARY C. WRIGHT, daughter of the late Saml. Wright, of Philadelphia.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. AUGUSTUS DE MAIN SIMPSON, to Miss MARY A. PIERCE, all of West Philadelphia.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. H. Elliott, Mr. BENJAMIN F. YORSO, to Miss EMMA M. HENRY, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Jos. W. Jones, Mr. WILLIAM HILL, to Mrs. ANNIE J. BOWEN, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Al Atwood, Mr. GEORGE W. SCHULTZ, formerly of Gibraltar, to Miss AMANDA H. WHEATON, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by Alderman Dallas, Mr. JOHN HAGUE, to Miss ANN MARIA GRIFFITH, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Thomas H. Beveridge, Mr. JOHN CALHOUN, to Miss HAGAR REID, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. W. Gorman, Mr. SAMUEL GOODWIN, to Miss ANN E. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. M. McCarteen Mr. THOMAS W. DERBY, to Miss ANNIE F. WHELDEN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. DANIEL RUSH, to Miss HANNAH H. daughter of Benjamin Comstock.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. RUSH SHARPLEY, to Miss MARY C. RICHARDS, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. H. A. Hunter, Mr. JAMES S. BROWN, to Miss REBECCA A. CONNERS, both of New Castle county, Del.

On the 24 instant, by the Rev. John F. Boone, Mr. ELKINS C. M. TICE, to LIZZIE S daughter of J. W. Hall, all of Bristol, Pa.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Stephen Townsend, Mr. CHARLES HAGUE, to Miss ELIZA E. PRATT, daughter of the late Absalom Pratt, of Boston, Mass.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. A. C. Wheat, Mr. CARMAN RICHARDSON, of Marcus Hook, to Miss ELLEN A. JAMES, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Norristown, Pa., July 20, 1856, of scarlet fever, DE WITT CLINTON, eldest son of Charles J. and Mary J. Neold, aged 6 years and 7 months.

On the 15th instant, HENRY PETERSON, infant son of Peter R. and Lydia Jordan, aged 5 weeks.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. BATHSHEBA SUNNEY, aged 81 years.

On the 16th instant, HOWARD, son of F. W. and Eliza Wood.

On the 15th instant, ANN, wife of Thomas Pugh, aged 34 years.

On the 15th instant, ANNA E. OLDEN, aged years and 7 mos.

On the 15th instant, NATHAN HALLOWELL, aged 75 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. LOUISA DUEY, aged 30 years.

On the 16th instant, THOMAS CULLIN, son of John and Mary A. Ratcliff, aged 18 months.

On the 16th instant, JOHN COYLE, aged 2 years.

On the 15th instant, MARY LEDWICH, aged 81 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM HAMILTON, son of Uriah and Amanda Drake, 2 years and 8 months.

On the 15th instant, SARAH E. EMERY, aged 17 years.

On the 15th instant, CLARA VIRGINIA, daughter of John and Ellen F. Carson, aged 13 years.

On the 14th instant, CATHARINE LIPPITT, daughter of Casper and Lisette Bieber, aged 3 years and 7 months.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ANNE DELANY, aged 62 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH G. BOLTON, wife of Michael Scott, aged 51 years.

On the 14th instant, ENOCH LEWIS, Editor of the Friends' Review, aged 81 years.

On the 14th instant, MARY A. SPANGLER, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 14th instant, CHARLES, son of Charles and Amanda Baisch, aged 22 months.

On the 16th instant, SYBERICE R. GARNER, aged 5 years and 5 months.

On the 14th instant, ROSANNA BEADY, aged 50 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH C. BAKER, daughter of Eli and Mary Burk, aged 29 years.

On the 14th instant, SARAH H. CLINTON, aged 60 years.

On the 14th instant, DANIEL KELLEY, aged 37 years and 6 months.

On the 12th instant, at Clementinson, N. J., JOSEPH LIVINGSTON, aged 78 years.

On the 13th instant, THOMAS STORER, son of Jonathan and Jane Cummings, aged 3 years.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE CAULEY, aged 51.

On the 12th instant, Mr. CHARLES T. SELLER, aged 52.

On the 13th instant, ELIZA, wife of Mr. Robert Lester, aged 25 years.

On the 12th instant, Mr. JOHN FARIS, aged 25 years.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM MAGEE, aged 68 years.

On the 11th instant, CATHARINE, relict of the late Edward McNichol, aged 57 years.

On the 12th instant WILLIAM GREY, son of Wm. and Sarah Lumbery, aged 6 years.

On the 11th instant, JOHN R. son of Rebecca and the late John R. Myers, aged 17 years.

On the 12th instant, FREDERICK MORTIMER, aged 77 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. ANNA HERTZ, aged 25 years.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM L. PINE.

On the 13th instant, ESTEY, daughter of Francis and Sophia Willis, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARY WHITE, aged 69 years.

On the 20th instant, ELLA HANSELL, daughter of Clayton and Catharine A. French, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 17th instant, CHARLOTTE, wife of Reuben Manley.

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Wit and Humor.

Outrageous.—It is clear to us that the attention of Parliament must, before long, be directed to the matter; and we would hope the present session will not pass without leave being moved for by some patriotic member to bring in a Bill for the Prevention of Punning. We are satisfied that unless some such course as this be followed, it will soon be hardly safe for any one with ordinary nerves to venture out into society. Even as it is, one can scarcely ever now go out of an evening without having a pun put like a pistol to one's ear, in a manner that implies your laughter or your life. We ourselves, the other night, while we were assisting our partner to refreshment, were most brutally assaulted in the execution of our duty by one of a gang of funny ruffians that were present, who observed to us, with a chuckle, that the glass of wine we were carrying put him in mind of what the Times had said that morning of the Turkish stock, because (with an emphatic poke into our ribs) he saw it was Made-deserri! And we had scarcely recovered from the effects of this attack, when a person, bearing the garb and appearance of a gentleman, but in whom the eye of the experienced penny-a-liner would doubtless have detected a fiend in human form, caught on a sudden our unguarded ear and button-hole, and in a bland and most insinuating whisper, asked us: "Why does the river Thames, when the tide is in, more resemble Longfellow's last poem than it can be said to do when the tide is out?" Speechless with fright, we made an ineffectual attempt to answer him. Upon which the monster, who had been speaking English previously with the purest accent, suddenly burst into the broadest Irish brogue as he exclaimed,—"Arrah, sure, because it's *Higher-water!*"—*Punch.*

A Travelling Cockney Nonplussed.—Our friend, Judge W——, of Broome, is not only an American Patriot in feeling, who loves his country, but a wag of the first water—and ill betides the man who engages in a badinage encounter with him—as a certain pompous Englishman, who was a fellow passenger with him recently on the Central Railroad cars, found out some what to his cost. He had the bad taste to declaim in a loud voice against the beautiful country through which he was passing, and to criticise our manners, customs, &c., in a *public* railroad car. He presently *embroiled* himself with our friend.

"It is most hastonishing, sir, to a Hinglish gentlemen to find the pronunciation of the Hinglish lengwidge so defective in this kentry. Heven propaw names, as of purs-a-sons, pe-laces, and the like, you inwariably pronounce wrong; for example: You mentioned a moment ago to your friend, speaking of the war in the East, the Cri-me-ah. Now it is *not* the Cri-me-ah, but the *Crim-eah*."

"Ah! well," said the Judge, "after all, the name of a place is variously pronounced. We have just passed through the lovely village of Canandagua. It is variously called Canandargua, Canandawga, and Can-an-da-gua. And so of Onondaga County, upon which we are about to enter. But it is different with you. It is not only the names of *places* which you mispronounce. In this country we call a horse a *horse*, but you call it a *'Horse!'* and you think that a man who don't know what a *Norse* is, must be a *Hass!*" A laugh "like the neighing of all Tattersall's" at this sally, rang through the cars, and our Hinglishman suddenly "dried up," and never opened his lips until the train arrived, late at night, at Albany.—*Knickerbocker.*

Singular Effect of Electricity on Negroes.—A gentleman residing a few miles out of town, recently carried home a small electrical machine, for making some experiments. As soon as he got home, the negroes, as usual, flocked around him, eager to see what master had got. There was a boy among these darkies that had evinced a strong disposition to move things when they wanted no moving, or in other words to pilfer occasionally.

"Now, Jack," says his master, "look here: this machine is to make people tell the truth, and if you have stolen anything, or lied to me, it will knock you down."

"Why, master," says the boy, "I never lied or stole anything in my life."

"Well, take hold of this;" and no sooner had the lad received a slight shock, than he fell on his knees and bawled out: "Oh, master! I did steal your cigars and a little knife, and have lied ever so many times; please to forgive me."

The same experiment was tried, with like success, upon half a dozen juveniles. At last an old negro, who had been looking on very attentively, stepped up.

"Master," said he, "let dis nigger try. Dat ar masheen is well enough to scar the children wid, but dis nigger knows better."

The machine was then fully charged, and he received a stunning shock. He looked first at his hand, then at the machine, and at last, rolling his eyes, "Master," said he, "it aint best to know too much. Dars many a soul gits to be damned by knowing too much, an' its my 'pinion that the debil made dat masheen just to ketch yer soul a foul some how, an' I reckon you had best just take an' burn it up, and have it done gone."—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

One Who Vants his Helts Insured.—A thin, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company in Indiana, on the first day of May, 1852, says the Daily Courier, and inquired:

"Ish to man in vot insheres de people's helts?"

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."

"Vell, I vants mine helts insheured; vot you charge I?"

"Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness."

"Vell," said Mynheer, "I vants ten dollar vort."

The agent inquired his state of health.

"Vell, I ish sick all the time. Ise shust out to bed two, tree hours a tay, and te doctor says he cant do noting more goot for me."

"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health."

At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger.

"You must tink Ise a pig fool; vot! you tink I come pay you ten dollar for insheure my helt, ven I vas sick!"

'Squire Isaac Whitney.—Old 'Squire Isaac, as all called him, was the town-clerk of H—— for many years. In his time, parties in Massachusetts who "intended marriage," had to be published for three consecutive public days. Swains, who called upon the town clerk to do this publication, were wont to be bashful, and generally called that functionary out of earshot to make known their errand. One day 'Squire Isaac was at work in a field a mile from any human being. Indeed, a more lonely man than the 'Squire could not be found this side of somewhere 'cross the Oregon, and bears no sound save his own dashings." Into this loneliness came a purposed Benedict. He cautiously stepped up to the old man and said:—

"'Squire, I'll be obliged to you if you'll step one side a moment!"

☞ A gentleman named Æneas McDonnell had been conducted to the watch-house in a state of "great incapability," as he was returning from the enjoyment of the hospitality of the Archbishop of Troy. On the following morning he was charged with the offence, when Curran remarked that the patrol had been guilty of a great blunder, as well as a gross libel, since the gentleman was no less a person than "Pius Æneas escaping from Troy's sacks."—*Life Illustrated.*

☞ The worshipful Sir Digby Somerville did keep a bountiful house full ever of brave company at his seat in Suffolk. At one time among his guests did happen a young gentleman from the Court, whose apparel was more garnished with lacings and gold than his brain with modesty or wit. One time, going into the fields with his host, they did espy a comely milk maiden with her pail.

"Prythee, Phillis," quoth the courtier, leering the while at the girl, "and I give thee a kiss, wilt thou give me a draught of thy ware?"

"In the meadow," quoth she, "thou wilt find one ready to give thee milk, and glad of thy kiss, for she is of thy kin."

The Court gallant looked in the mead, and espied a she-ass.

"So sharp, fair rustic," quoth he, angrily, "thou lookest as if thou couldest barely say, No to a goose."

"Yea, that can I, and to a gander also." Whereat she cried out lustily, "Bo!"

The young man hastened away, and the worshipful Sir Digby did laugh heartily, and entertain his guests with the tale!—*Punch's Ancient Jeste Books.*

Another Hard Shell Baptist Story.—So many stories are told of the Hard Shell Baptists, that we publish none but those which are vouched for by a responsible name, like the following:

One of the preachers was holding forth on the end of time, and as there had been a great number of shooting stars not long before, he drew a bold illustration from the striking phenomenon.

"My brethren, you have often wondered what was the meaning of them shooting *stairs*. It was this, my brethren: When the Lord he saw the stairs was too thick and close together like, he took the magnesia of attraction, or the traction of gratification, if you please to call it by the vulgar name, and he shook the stairs, and shook 'em, and shook 'em—ah, and thinned 'em out-ah, and left only the sound ones-ah." Then leaning over the desk, and lowering his voice to a confidential tone, he continued: "Thus, my friends, will it be in the end of the world. The Lord will apply the magnesia of attraction to the meetin'-folks, and shake 'em about, and thin 'em out, and the only stairs left in the fundamental galaxy of his glory, will be the good old Baptist *stairs!*"

Shakspeare's Skeleton.—In Memphis, Tenn., the other day, a countryman stood gazing in at Mansfield's windows, where two skeletons hung suspended—one being that of a man, the other a boy. A stranger coming up—

"Whose skeleton is that?" asked the countryman, pointing to the larger.

"That is Shakspeare's," said the stranger.

"And whose is that?" continued the countryman, pointing to the smaller.

"That is Shakspeare's, too," answered the wag.

"How can it be?"

"Why, that's him when he was a boy," was the rejoinder.

"Oh, I never thought of that."

A Scotch Cannibal.—The term "poor man" is used in Scotland for a blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton, peppered and broiled. A Scotch peer, known by the sobriquet of "Old Rag," being indisposed at a country inn in the south of England, was pressed to eat something by the landlord, who enumerated the good things in the larder. "I think," said the invalid at last, as his eye gleamed under his shaggy eyebrows at the thought of his favorite dish, "I think I could eat a morsel of a poor man." Seeing this was said in seriousness, Boniface retreated in great alarm, not doubting that the practice of cannibalism still existed in the fastnesses of the Scotch clans.

☞ Geography According to Crockery.—The ocean, according to geographers, is contained in five great basins—not mere "nutshells;"—they are rather sizeable dishes which hold the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Arctic, and the Antartic Oceans! We may add that *they* are all *earthern* basins, and that the Eastern *is* contained in a *China* one!

A SCENE AT A RAILROAD DEPOT.

GROOM.—"Beg pardon, sir!—but wos your name Tomkins?"

TOMKINS.—"Yes!"

GROOM.—"If you please, sir, master says he wos werry sorry as he couldn't send the carriage—but, as his young 'oss wanted exercise, he thought you wouldn't mind ridin' of 'im!"

[*Tomkins bursts into a cold perspiration.*

Useful Receipts.

To Prevent Jams from Graining.—A correspondent informs us that to prevent Jams, Preserves, etc., from graining, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar must be added to every gallon of the jam or preserve.

Stewed Cucumbers.—Take two or three straight cucumbers, cut off one end, then take out the seeds, lay them in vinegar and water, and pepper and salt; have some good farce, and fill each cucumber with it; dry your cucumbers well out of the vinegar first, then dry them in a clean rubber; then *fry* them, if for brown; if for white, not; take them out of the butter, and put them to stew in some good stock, with one onion, a fagot of herbs, a slice of lean ham, until tender; thicken the liquor, and pass through a tammy; season with a little drop of vinegar, lemon juice, sugar, salt, and white pepper; glaze the cucumbers several times to be a light brown.

To Cure Scratches in Horses.—Take three table-spoonfuls of common tar, two table spoonfuls of lard; put them in a vessel, and warm them gradually, until soft enough to mix thoroughly; then add a tea-spoonful of gunpowder—mix it well with the tar and lard. Put this mixture on at night, after washing and drying the horse's feet well. If the weather is wet, keep the horse in the stable all night, or under shelter, to prevent the mixture from washing off. I have never seen a case that required more than one application to cure it perfectly.

Tea Making.—A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground, like coffee, before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities. Another writer says:—"If you put a piece of lump sugar, the size of a walnut, into the teapot, you will make tea infuse in one-half of the time."

Pineapple Jelly.—Pare and grate the pine-apple, and put into the preserving-pan with one pound of fine white sugar to every pound of fruit; stir it and boil it until well mixed, and thicken sufficiently; then strain it, pour it into jars, and when it has become cool, cover the jellies with papers wet with brandy, cover the jars tightly, and treat them as apple jelly.

To Clean the Face of Soft Mahogany, or other Porous Wood.—After scraping and sand-papering in the usual manner, take a sponge and well wet the surface to raise the grain; then take a piece of fine pumice-stone, free from stony particles, and cut the way of the fibres; rub the wood in the direction of the grain, keeping it moist with water; let the work dry; then if you wet it again, you will find the grain much smoother, and it will not raise so much; repeat the process, and you will find the surface perfectly smooth, and the texture of the wood much hardened; by this means, common soft Honduras mahogany will have a face equal to fine Hispaniola. If this does not succeed to your satisfaction, you may improve the surface, by using the pumice-stone with cold-drawn linseed oil, in the same manner as you proceeded with water; this will be found to put a most beautiful, as well as durable face to your work, which may then be polished or varnished.

To Braise Chickens.—Bone the chickens, stuff them with forcemeat, place in the stewpan the bones and trimmings, lay the chickens upon them with a brase of fine herbs, onions, mace whole, some thin slices of bacon, about three parts of a pint of stock, or if that is not handy, water, and two glasses of sherry; the bacon should be added last. Cover close, and stew for two hours. Then take out the chickens, strain the braise, remove the fat, and boil the braise rapidly to a glaze; paint it over the chickens with a brush, while the braise is being boiled; brown the chickens before the fire, it adds to their appearance. When glazed, fowls may be braised in the same manner.

Agricultural.

TREATMENT OF BROOD MARES.

A common cause of accidents to mares in foal is improper working. This may arise from carting, going in the threshing mill, or ploughing of hard headlands, or stiff soils, or harrowing land where the horses' feet dip, producing over fatigue or heating of the system. Mares, for at least three months previous to foaling, should not be carted, or worked in a threshing machine, or called to perform any labor involving any shaking or straining of the body. Nor should they be pushed beyond the pace they are inclined to step at when performing even light work. Ploughing from the draught being steady and the labor not exciting, is the most suitable. At this kind of work mares may be continued up till the time of foaling, and without injury, provided they are gently treated, and regularly fed and wrought. During wet days, or even showers, they should not be exposed. If they get wet, they should be rubbed dry, and a warm mash allowed upon returning to the house.

For at least one month prior to the expected period of foaling, the mare should be placed in a loose box. This may be formed in the end of an open cattle shed, provided it is made comfortable by boards or straw kept in position by strong bars and common fence railing. The general absence of a loose house on the majority of farms renders such temporary erections often necessary. The mare should be loose, not tied to anything, and all harness, etc., removed during the night to prevent accidents from cleeks.

If the mare is turned out to a park, previous to or after foaling, it should be to one free of all places dangerous to the foal. Old quarries, deep ponds, ditches, or water holes of any kind are dangerous, even after the foal is some weeks old, but more particularly during the first few days after it begins to move about. Nothing is more painful to the feelings of the owner than the loss of a promising foal by accidents arising from causes which might have been prevented. If no suitable park or paddock is convenient for the mare and foal, an out-house, or still better, an open shed, should be set apart for the mare and foal. Many superior horses have been reared in this manner, which have never been depastured at all.

After the mare shows indications that parturition is at hand, she should be watched, but not disturbed. The most reliable indication is, that at the point of the teats there will be observed a waxy exudation. Sometimes the milk will drop from the teats for a day previous to foaling, but generally the gummy exudation is the only symptom. When this appears, foaling will usually take place within forty-eight hours. The mare is seldom long in labor, and the foal is generally dropped when no one is present. The mare should be disturbed as little as possible. Nature usually, when left to itself, overcomes any difficulty. Occasionally, however, the foal bed requires to be broken to allow the foal to breathe. The foal, if strong, will gain the use of its limbs within two to five hours of being dropped. It readily finds its way to the milk vessel. Sometimes, however, this is so tight that it does not readily catch the teats. The dam occasionally, from an over-excitability, prevents the foal from sucking. In such cases, the foal should be assisted by drawing a little milk out of the udder, and kept in position to suck; and, if essentially requisite, a halter may be put upon the mare to hold her steady for the first and perhaps the second time the foal sucks. If there is a scarcity of milk, the mare should receive bran mashes, boiled linseed, hay, etc., anything indeed to increase the flow of milk. If this cannot be effected, the foal may be reared on cow milk. Two of the best horses we ever reared were so nursed. Both of these horses, as regards condition and form, were superior. One Clydesdale, entire, was purchased for Ireland, where he obtained several premiums and was a source of great profit to his owners.

As to treatment, we again repeat, the mare should be disturbed as little as possible, and persons with whom she is not familiar should not go near her for the first few days, as the foal is sometimes injured from the state of excitability in which the mare is for several days after foaling, besides sometimes dangerous to strangers going near her. From the ninth to the twelfth day the mare should be stinted, and, if possible, the same horse as the sire of the foal should be used.

The food of the mare foaling should be soft, to increase the lactic secretion; and, in the absence of green food, which is by far the best, such as is usually given to farm horses, with an allowance of carrot, turnip, and hay, with at least two half-feeds of dry corn, daily till abundance of green food is obtained. The change from the dry to soft food should be gradual. We may further state, that it is advisable not to put the mare upon grass previous to foaling, as we have known cases where injury arose from this cause.—*North British Agriculturist.*

Chloroform Veterinary Operations.—Mr. Harvey, Veterinary Surgeon, Macclesfield, England, has just been successful in performing the operation of neurotomy on two horses, while under the influence of chloroform, without either evincing any pain. The operation consists in dividing the sensitive nerves running to the feet, which, under ordinary circumstances, is attended with acute pain. In these cases, the horses, previous to the operation, were useless; afterwards they both were quite sound.

THE ARTIFICIAL DRYING OF HAY.

As respects grain crops and hay, I have long been impressed by the idea that some artificial means might be employed to counteract the effects of a wet season, whether in harvesting grain crops or hay, but I never could see my way to the practical accomplishment of this end. A recent notice in your paper has arrested my attention and suggested the application of an ingenious invention to these purposes. In your paper of the 17th of May, a description is given of a simple and economical means of applying heat to garden structures. For these purposes a moist heat is required; for the purposes I contemplate a dry heat would be required, and can, even more readily, be had. My idea is that grain crops and hay may be subjected, under cover, to the circulation of currents of dry heated air, and that very rapidly all moisture may be removed from them, rendering it at once possible to dispose of them in safety to await the demands of consumption. The invention to which I allude, and by which I trust these ends may be accomplished, is that of Mr. Hazard, which, by a simple and economical process, generates and circulates currents of pure air, heated to such a regulated temperature as may be required, and which can be made to fill, and circulate in, any given inclosed space. I will assume that a barn of some size shall be fitted with an apparatus of this kind, and that the crop of a wheat-field or hay-field shall be brought into it, in successive quantities. The surplus moisture can at once be dispelled and driven off. Thus the process of the best harvest can at once be artificially performed, and thus there need be no more damaged grain or hay from the fields, the produce of which is so treated. My belief is that it would be an economical process (I forbear to go into detail on that point,) and that its results would amply compensate its expenses, but fair trials and experience could alone conclusively decide that point.

One result, however, is clear, that the quality of the produce so treated, with good management (which must be assumed in all improved systems,) would be the highest. Pure, though heated air, would alone be used; no bad taste could be imparted, and as respects grain, it is clear that what is called damp and soft grain in the early winter need no longer exist, and that the newest wheat would at once be rendered hard and fit to come into consumption; the exact degree of dryness might be regulated by the intentions of the grower, whether to sell or to keep. There would in the process be no similar effect to that of "kiln-drying," by which a taste is imparted; it would be a mere dislodgment of water, the degree to which the process was carried being completely under control. In the same way as regards hay, my belief is that its quality would be the finest, its color and its juices would be completely preserved, the surplus moisture would alone be driven off.

It cannot be expected that such a process—the mere mention of which will be startling to many—could be adopted except by degrees; but if it be not suggested or attempted, it can never even be tried; and such is, I hope, my justification in desiring to make known the scheme and system which have occurred to me to be practicable and likely to be advantageous. If proved to succeed, it would soon spread; there would be no obstacle on the ground of expenditure, which would be moderate compared to the object. It would be applicable in the first instance to farms of some size, and where a steam engine exists in connexion with the barn, the facility would be the greatest for the experiment or the practice.

I have seen the system applied to the seasoning of wood in the simplest manner, and with beautiful and perfect success. I am informed that it is applied with great effect to the drying of the wetted worsted yarn preparatory to weaving, in which the quantity of water expelled is very great relatively to the substance of the yarn. It has seemed to me impossible not to stretch the imagination to the application of the system to purposes of a far more extended and important character.

My impression is, that the same system might be applied to the curing of oak bark, an operation requiring great vigilance, and more skill than is frequently applied to it, the sole desideratum being to expel the surplus moisture and to retain the natural substance and qualities in an uninjured state—but I forbear to say more on that separate subject. I have intentionally restricted my statement to generalities, which can readily be followed by more detailed statements should such come to be required. Many difficulties and objections will no doubt be raised and entertained, and some of them I already anticipate, but as yet I see none which may not be obviated and removed. If the project has weight it will no doubt be worked out, as many have before it which were at first thought chimerical—and as this will no doubt be by many persons, those especially who are disposed rather to stand still than to go forward. My opinion is that this is the age in which we ought to go forward—not less in rural than in other affairs.—*Cor. Gardener's Chronicle (Eng.)*

Cedar Ashes, it is said, will be found an invaluable remedy for the bite of the mosquito and other insects. Wet the ashes and rub them on the part, and the stinging sensation will be extracted almost instantly. The reason of this is that the ashes contain alkali, which neutralizes the acid of the poison. Visitors to the sea-shore will please make a note of this fact. It may add to their comfort when these pestiferous plagues, the mosquitoes, are about.

☞ A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he arose the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

Why Dew Hurts Sheep.—From time immemorial it has been a precept with careful shepherds not to let the sheep turn upon the dewy grass, or graze in damp and marshy regions. Why was the dew of the morning, so dear to poets, considered dangerous to sheep? No one could tell—least of all, the bucolic guardian; but if he could not tell you why it was so, he averred that it was so. And now science comes with a very simple explanation to justify the empirical precept. Siebold, the great comparative anatomist, has given the *rationale* in his curious treatise on Entozoa. Many of the creatures pass the early portion of their predatory existence in the bodies of one species of animal, and their maturity in another. The eggs are deposited in these latter domiciles, but not developed there; they have to be expelled; and the dear little innocents, either as eggs or embryos, are cast upon the wild world to shift for themselves. But how? There they lie on the smoking dunghcap; and far away roam the sheep in whose lungs and liver they can alone develop themselves, and find food. What chance have they? This chance. The rain washes them into the earth, or the farmer flings them in manure upon the soil. The humidity serves to develop them; they fix themselves against the moist grass; the sheep nibble the grass, and with it carry these tiny entozoa into their stomachs; once there, the business is soon accomplished! Thus it is that the dewy grass is dangerous. Thus it is that damp seasons are so prejudicial to sheep, multiplying the diseases of lungs and liver, to which these animals are subject.—*Agricultural Magazine.*

Sulphur for Mildew on Grapes.—I. H. Howe, of Conn., gives his method of preparing and applying sulphur for the prevention of mildew. He uses it in solution with quick lime. Take half a bushel of lime, and six pounds of sulphur. Mix them together in a large tub, (a half hogshead,) and pour on enough water to slack the lime, and mix it to about the consistence of whitewash. After this is thoroughly mixed, fill your tub with water, and stir it so as to diffuse the lime and sulphur through the water. Let it stand long enough to allow the lime to settle, and you will have a clear, transparent liquor, strongly impregnated with sulphur. My practice has been, to have the ground in the interior of the grapery sprinkled with this liquor every evening through the season, as long as there is any danger of mildew. The tub may be filled up with water from time to time, as the liquor is used, and the quantity of lime and sulphur mentioned will be enough for a grapery thirty to fifty feet long, the entire season. In a few instances I have used it diluted with about two parts of water to one of liquor for syringing the vines—but I have seldom thought it necessary to use it otherwise than by sprinkling the ground as mentioned.

Hints in Feeding Milch Cows.—Thompson, in his work entitled "Experimental Researches on the Food of Animals," says that a cow, if fed for two days on an insufficient quantity of food as indicated by loss of weight, and diminution of milk, will require at least double that time to reach the condition from which it deteriorated, and the reason of this is obvious, because the partial starvation has caused it to lose a portion of the substance of its body, which requires a longer time to re-establish than to pull down.

This rule, he says, is applicable to the dietary of men as well as to inferior animals. An increase of labor should always be accompanied with an increase of food, both at sea and in prison. A short walk, for one confined in a solitary cell, calls for some augmentation of food. A slight increase of temperature, or the irritating influence of insects, will effectually diminish the milk of a cow, and indicates the propriety of increasing the amount of fodder.

During his experiments on feeding milch cows, he found that the milk of one day was derived from the food eaten the day previous, and that it takes at least sixteen hours for the digestive organs of the cow to fully take up all the nutritive matter which she feeds upon.

Philosophy of Light Digestion.—In a dietetic point of view, it would be well for weak stomachs to remember that wild birds are more nutritious than their domesticated cousins, and more digestible. But the white breast or wing of a chicken is less heating than the flesh of winged game. Other game—such as venison, which is dark-colored, and contains a large proportion of fibrine—produce highly stimulating chyle; and, consequently, the digestion is an easy and rapid affair for the stomach. But, though the whiter meats be detained longer in the stomach, furnish less stimulating chyle, and be suffered to run into acetous fermentation, their lesser stimulating quality may recommend them when the general system is not in want of a spur. Meats are wholesome or otherwise, less with reference to themselves than to the consumer. "To assert a thing to be wholesome," says Van Swieten, "without a knowledge of the condition of the person for whom it is intended, is like a sailor pronouncing the wind to be fair, without knowing to what port the vessel is bound."—*Dr. Doran.*

Tornado.—A terrible tornado swept over part of Franklin County, N. Y., on the 7th inst., extending into Clinton county, and doing incalculable damage. The towns of Constable, Burke and Chateaugay were nearly demolished. The tornado extended nearly forty miles, destroyed 400 houses, and swept down forests, scattered fences, and in short, levelled everything before it. One hundred thousand dollars will not probably cover the damage. Some persons were more or less injured, and one man killed.

The Riddler.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 1, 13, 22, 14, 28, 6, 18, was an augur during the reign of Tarquin.

My 2, 16, 29, 3, 6, 18, was a celebrated Danish hero.

My 7, 27, 5, 23, 18, was a tyrant of Lacedæmon.

My 4, 29, 13, 3, 16, 18, 12, was a King of Arcadia.

My 5, 25, 6, 24, 27, was a Grecian remarkable for his strength.

My 6, 20, 18, 6, 18, was a distinguished Roman in the time of Domitian.

My 7, 24, 18, 2, 3, was an eminent astronomer in the time of Adrian.

My 8, 24 6, 28, 18, 27, 1, was a deity worshipped by the Germans.

My 9, 2, 29, 7, 13, 3, 18, 29, 13, was a celebrated Roman matron.

My 10, 17, 8, 25, 2, 1, was the father of one of the noblest women of antiquity.

My 11, 28, 2, 3, was a philosopher and sophist of Scythia.

My 12, 24, 27, 23, 5, 6, 18, was the name of one of the Centaurs.

My 13, 6, 27, 20, 11, 13, 12, 1, 27, was the name of one of the Satalites.

My 14, 27, 20, 2, was a Latin writer famous for his great learning.

My 15, 3, 1, 28, 6, 18, was a Latin poet of some celebrity.

My 16, 18, 20, 24, 18, was a Phrygian who wrote a history of the Trojan war.

My 17, 21, 10, 3, 6, 18, was a King of Æolia.

My 18, 28, 18, 10, 3, 1, 27, was an early Roman historian.

My 19, 12, 27, 8, 2, 18, 7, 24, 10, 1, 4, 18, was a famous mathematician of Cyrene.

My 20, 9, 26, 18, 3, 6, 18, was a Greek poet of Thrace, originally a slave.

My 21, 23, 28, 18, was a sorceress in the age of Horace.

My 22, 1, 18, 2, 19, 6, 18, was an Athenian statuary.

My 23, 9, 24, 18, 5, 3, 20, was a great prophet and one of the Argonauts.

My 24, 10, 15, 26, 2, 18, 6, 16, was a celebrated poet of Bœotia.

My 25, 20, 12, 18, 28, 1, 26, 16, 22, 18, was an Athenian commander, put to death after having gained a victory.

My 26, 12, 6, 22, 20, 23, 6, 16, was a private secretary to Julius Cæsar.

My 27, 10, 7, 25, 23, was a celebrated painter who lived in the time of Alexander the Great.

My 28, 18, 6, 22, 12, was an early Greek historian.

My 29, 6, 11, 20, 28, 6, 18, was one of the companions of Verres in his iniquities.

My whole is a proverb to which great deference was paid during the middle ages.

D. L. W.
Lancaster.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 6, 26, 8, 3, 18, 25, was a Roman Emperor.

My 12, 2, 17, 21, 1, 24, 8, 8, 28, was a Roman Emperor.

My 22, 16, 8, 14, 25, 5, was a Roman Emperor.

My 30, 13, 8, 14, 17, 9, 29, 11, was a Roman Emperor.

My 2, 7, 17, 14, 8, 23, 18, 25, was a Roman Emperor.

My 22, 3, 20, 14, 8, 8, 9, 4, 27, was a Roman Emperor.

My 19, 26, 14, 32, 2, 17, was a Roman Emperor.

My 30, 21, 8, 8, 10, 15, was a Roman Emperor.

My 22, 13, 3, 14, 25, 33, 3, 4, 9, 16, 25, was a Roman Emperor.

My 33, 12, 3, 6, 13, 25, was a Roman Emperor.

My 1, 21, 8, 9, 30, 31, 8, 24, was a Roman Emperor.

My 12, 18, 25, 35, 33, 2, 25, 20, 9, 34, 11, was a Roman Emperor.

My whole was a Roman Empero.

Lexington, Ky. J. G. COOPER.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 2, 36, 13, 27, 28, 41, 42, 7, is a town in the Netherlands.

My 4, 9, 30, 12, 38, 20, 10, 33, 8, 25, 33, is a river in the United States.

My 14, 26, 27, 13, 43, 42, 26, is a town in Malaysia.

My 44, 17, 22, 28, 28, 10, is a mountain in South America.

My 31, 21, 42, 20, 3, 27, is a lake in Scandinavia.

My 42, 8, 13, 27, 30, 19, is a town in France.

My 1, 23, 34, 41, 30, 34, 35, is a town in Africa.

My 22, 16, 5, 24, 37, 41, 14, 34, 15, 23, 42, 26, 27, 16, is a county in Virginia.

My 31, 17, 32, 42, 18, 1, 10, 27, is a district in South Carolina.

My 11, 23, 14, 13, 27, 30, is an island belonging to Italy.

My 36, 21, 5, 11, 28, 39, is a county in Scotland.

My 40, 43, 27, 18, 19, is a mountain in Italy.

My whole is a maxim worthy of remembrance.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is used in writing.
My second is a personal pronoun.
My third is a decimal number.
My fourth is to bind or fasten.
My fifth is an indefinite article.
My sixth is a kind of grain.
My whole is a place for the punishment of criminals.

Eddytown, N. Y. QUINEO

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.

My first is in rate, but not in mice,
My second is in snow, but not in ice,
My third is in me, but not in you,
My fourth is in one, but not in two,
My whole is a city much renowned,
Which is in Europe to be found. NED

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CINROS.

If my first you chance to meet,
Pleasantly you would not greet,
Though it's awkward on its feet,
Yet you it could easily master.

My second is set but oft in vain,
At my second and third you seldom gain.
My whole in short I will explain,
It calls together village rabble.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Number one, is equality;
Number two, is decay;
My whole is a bird,
That is all I can say.

Belmont Co., Ohio. ADDISON

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two right angled triangles whose bases are equ[al] the difference between their areas is 2 acres and 100 perc[hes] the difference between their perimeters is equal to the p[er]pendicular of the greater triangle; and the difference be[tween] the diameters of their inscribed circles is 12 yards. Required—the sides of the triangles?

Red Brush Hill. MATHEMATIC[IAN]

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A young lady being asked her age and not wishing to [give] a direct answer, replied "I have two younger sisters, and [our] ages are in geometrical progression, and the sum of our [ages] is 28, and the sum of the squares is 336. Required her [age] and her sisters'. N. W. "GOSHEN

Oldham Co., Ky.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ A Sad Conundrum.—Why is the Marseillies Hymn Liberty likely to fall into disuse in France? Ans.—Because France has a new national *heir*.

☞ What trade is the sun in the mouth of May? Ans. Mason (*May-son.*)

☞ Why is a short negro like a white man? Ans.—Because he is not a tall black. (*Not at all black.*)

☞ What word of ten letters can be spelled with one? Ans.—Expediency. (Xpdnc.)

Sunbury, Pa. HARRIET

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BOTANICAL ENIGMA—Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Maryland, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a Patriot.

NOVEL ENIGMA.

"He that in the world would rise,
Must read the news and advertise."

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. CHARADE—Conundrum. CHARADE—Shuttle-tail. RIDDLE—Straw. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—102 and 2,106. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—361.